

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR JULY, 1825.

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Art. I. 1. *Proceedings of a General Court Martial assembled at Malta, March 1, 1824, together with subsequent Proceedings respecting the Trial of Lieut. George Francis Dawson of the Royal Artillery, for hesitating to comply with an Order by which he was required to assist and participate in the Ceremonies of the Romish Church.* 8vo. pp. 108. Price 2s. 6d. London. 1825.

2. *Appendix to the Report of the Trial of Lieutenant Dawson, &c. being an Appeal to the Lords Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and to the Lord Bishop of London, relative to the Continuance of similar Usages and Orders to those in which that Trial originated.* 8vo.

WE deem it an imperious duty which we owe to ourselves, our country, and the cause of religion, to draw the attention of our readers to the case of those gallant and meritorious officers who have been dismissed from the army, and thus turned adrift upon the world, to seek for the means even of *subsistence*, for no other than the alleged crime of having refused to participate in one of the idolatrous ceremonies of the Church of Rome. A solitary instance of undeserved hardship or oppression, although not of an order calculated to prove important in its results, would, under any circumstances, awake the sympathy and indignation of every liberal mind. But the present case is one which calls for the most serious attention, not so much for the sake of the individuals who have suffered, as for the sake of the principles which, in their persons, have been so signally violated: it is not the cause of an individual or of a party, but the common cause of every Briton and every Protestant, whether churchman or dissenter, by whom the privileges of Englishmen or the rights of conscience are held in veneration. It might appear scarcely credible, that British officers could have been placed in such a situation as to be exposed to the temptation of violating the dictates of conscience in complying with the superstitious observances of the Romish Church. But, among the many

lasting obligations under which we are placed to the two officers in question, for the noble stand they have made for the cause of Truth, this is not the least; that they have drawn the attention of the British public to the extraordinary fact, that, not at Malta only, but in various parts of the world, are Protestant officers compelled to degrade themselves, their country, and their religion, in the eyes of Roman Catholics, by a direct participation in the mummeries and idolatry of Papal perstition.

But, before proceeding further, it is necessary to remark, that the facts of the case under review, have been very widely and essentially mistaken. Most of our readers were, in common with ourselves, some time ago informed by the Gazette, that two British officers, Captain Atchison and Lieutenant Dawson, had been cashiered for disobedience of orders, in refusing to fire a salute upon a saint's day at Malta. Now we confess, that, from the *ex parte* statements contained in the public newspapers, we were at first disposed to draw a conclusion unfavourable to the judgement and prudence of the officers concerned. True, we were compelled to do homage to that manly independence and religious sense of duty which had led them to brave the frown of power and the derision of the ungodly,—to forego their professional prospects, and submit to "the loss of all things," rather than violate the demands of conscience. But we were inclined to imagine that they had been misled by a mistaken sense of duty; and we conceived that, if their conscience had in this instance been as enlightened as it was undoubtedly upright and pure, they would have seen the propriety of complying with the obnoxious order, leaving the responsibility that might attach to it, to those with whom it originated. In taking this view, we believed that a simple order had been issued to fire a salute, and that Captain Atchison and Lieutenant Dawson had assumed the privilege of inquiring into the *reason* of the order, and, finding that it was in honour of St. Lorenzo, had thought themselves bound as Christians and as Protestants to adopt the line of conduct for which they were cashiered. Now, although we were well aware that this view of the matter did not in the smallest degree remove the load of responsibility which lay upon those higher authorities who lent their sanction to the miserable delusions of Papacy, yet, we felt, that if the principle were to be admitted, that it is competent for soldiers to scrutinize the grounds upon which a simple order, *not in itself unlawful*, has been issued, there would be an end of all military discipline and subordination.

But, upon inquiry, we found—what indeed might well have



been presumed—that these gallant officers had not exposed themselves to obloquy, disgrace, and ruin from any groundless or unnecessary scruples of conscience,—but that they had been placed in a situation in which they were bound, in the language of the earliest confessors of Christianity, to inquire —“Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto “men more than unto God, judge ye,”—and in which, as it appears to us, a Christian had no alternative, but to follow the obvious and distinct, though rugged and narrow path of duty.

In detailing the circumstances which occasioned the trial of Lieutenant Dawson, we feel that we cannot do better than quote an extract from his Letter to the Bishops. Like his printed defence, it is written in a manly, energetic style, and displays all that uncompromising steadiness of principle, tempered with the mild persuasiveness of Christian humility, which distinguishes this valiant soldier of the cross.

‘Placed, my Lords,’ says Mr. D. ‘in the course of duty, amidst a people who are sunk in the grossest superstition, and for whom Popery has done its worst to debase the mind, enslave the will, and delude the understanding, I beheld with horror the iniquitous absurdities of their idolatrous rites, among which rites none are more conspicuous than the gorgeous procession of images to which they render the same worship and adoration paid to their idols by the Heathen. To these processions, my Lord, I knew the utmost importance to be attached by the native inhabitants, as being considered a necessary part of the worship due to their protecting saints. I knew also, that they are esteemed incomplete, unless accompanied by salutes and tolling of bells, which being conducted, sometimes by the inferior priests, at others by British soldiers, are simultaneous with the procession and public parade of the image, when it takes place, and are viewed as a direct act of homage to the same.

‘It was, my Lord, THE IMAGE OF ST. LORENZO THE TUTELAR SAINT OF THE CITY, which was thus to be honoured, together with him, in pursuance of the order of August, 1823, upon the anniversary of his Festival;—a day, my Lord, of no small importance to the Maltese, by whom he is worshipped as devoutly as the idol Juggernaut by any Hindoo. His image is then brought out from his temple; and at the moment of his removal, amidst the applause of the multitude, the firing and tolling is expected to commence in the fort, the priesthood performing the same process at their church as they did upon August 9th.

‘Upon the receipt, my Lord, of the order, (which pointedly apprized me, that it had been issued at the requisition of the Ecclesiastical authorities,) I felt conscious of the inconsistency of ordering Protestant soldiers to perform that which Papists consider a *necessary part* of the homage due to their saints; and reflection confirmed the impossibility under which I found myself of reconciling such a course

with my duties as a Protestant. It appeared to me that, by compliance, I, as a Protestant and Christian, should give encouragement and sanction to practices which, in either character, I had been taught to abhor.—The matter stood simply thus :—God has repeatedly expressed his great abhorrence of idolatry, and forbidden any act of homage to be given to *images*, any worship to be paid to any other being than himself :—but the deluded people around me are blindly, are blasphemously attached to these their false gods,—their saints,—their images ; they consider the acts I am required to execute, (*viz.* firing and tolling,) as deeds of homage due to their honour and praise. Personally responsible to the Almighty Tribunal for my personal acts, can I, in violation of all my principles and conscientious feelings, consent to disgrace my character, and require others to relinquish theirs, by performing the part of a popish priest ? Will any fancied responsibility upon the part of my superiors relieve me from the condemnation incurred by a breach of the second commandment ? Reason says, no ;—revelation confirms the voice : “ the soul that sinneth it shall die.” I cannot be the willing agent in paying this act of homage to a senseless block, and the conscious instrument of deluding others to do the same ! As a CHRISTIAN, I cannot ;—as a PROTESTANT, I cannot ;—and as a BRITISH SUBJECT, I may expect protection in my principles ;—for these principles are at the very foundation of the Established Church, they are the principles of the Reformation.’ *Appendix*, pp. 115, 16.

Such were the feelings, such the reflections of Mr. Dawson, when he received the order which expressly desired him ‘ to fire salutes’ and ‘ to toll a bell during the procession [of the ‘ image] from St. Angelo,’ on the 9th and 10th instant, ‘ being the eve and anniversary of St. Lorenzo, the Tutelar Saint of ‘ Vittoriosa.’ In obedience, therefore, to the dictates of conscience, he addressed a respectful letter to his commandant, Major Addams, requesting that he might be exonerated from the execution of the order, in consequence of the difficulty in which he felt himself placed, in issuing orders to that effect to the men under his command ; conceiving that he ‘ should thereby become a party to an idolatrous act of worship committed by those assembled to worship the image of St. Lorenzo.’ After some further correspondence, in the course of which Mr. Dawson reiterated with the utmost deference these objections, Captain Atchison was, on the 9th of August, ordered to fire a salute, although he had a short time before expressed to Major Addams, in the course of a friendly conversation, his concurrence in Mr. Dawson’s scruples. Indeed, the refusal of Captain Atchison seems to have been taken for granted, as the Major himself came to the fort, and, contrary to all military etiquette, ordered the salutes to be fired by a serjeant just as Captain A. was *about* to despatch a letter,



begging that his religious principles might plead his apology for declining to obey the order.

It is obvious from this statement of the established facts of the case, first, that the order was unlawful, inasmuch as it enjoined a direct participation in an idolatrous ceremony,—a participation which would have been in the highest degree criminal and degrading in a Christian and a Protestant; and secondly, that neither Captain Atchison nor Lieutenant Dawson did actually disobey any order, since, at most, they only evinced a *hesitation* not amounting to actual disobedience. But it is not on such a ground as this, that we would argue so important a question. Capt. Atchison and Lieut. Dawson were prepared to die as martyrs, rather than consent to dishonour their God; and we are willing, if required, for the sake of argument, to admit that they actually did refuse to join in the idolatrous act.

In looking at the history of the proceedings which followed this memorable transaction every one must be struck with the delay which took place before any censure was passed on the conduct of these officers. Nor is it possible, even for the man of the world, who draws his conclusions, not from the law of God, but from the opinions of men, to shut his eyes to a fact which clearly implies how strongly the highest military authorities were impressed with the idea, that the order was in itself 'unlawful,' and might therefore be disobeyed with impunity. In the course of the correspondence to which we have alluded, Sir Manly Power sent a message to Lieutenant Dawson, enjoining on him 'obedience at his peril.' But when it appeared that this threat had not disturbed the firmness which was throughout displayed by this Christian hero, and when the salutes had been fired in the extraordinary manner we have before mentioned, the whole affair seemed for a time to have died away. All the circumstances of the case were, indeed, officially brought under the cognizance of Sir Manly Power: he was then commanding in the Mediterranean, with full power to order into arrest, dismiss from the island, or convene courts-martial. Did he adopt any of these measures? Oh, no! The case, it seems, was too intricate and delicate for the unassisted sagacity and penetration even of Major-general Power; and 'for particular reasons,' says Colonel Raitt, 'it was judged prudent to await the arrival of His Excellency Sir Thomas Maitland.' Then, at length, one would at least imagine, that all was finally arranged, and that the line of conduct which the subsequent order from the Horse Guards determines to have been so clear, would have been at once perceived and adopted by the veteran experience of the gover-



nor of Malta. Far otherwise was the fact. The point was still too knotty to be easily unravelled ; to cut it rashly, was dangerous ; and two junior officers, who were afterwards accused of having set at defiance the vaunted discipline of the British army, were still permitted to go unmolested. Sir Thomas, in his turn, awaited the directions of His Grace the Duke of Wellington who having with characteristic decision ordered an arrest on the spur of the moment, required three months to deliberate, whether it might be safe to entrust the case to the decision of a court-martial. A court-martial was at length ordered to assemble, but with express instructions not to allow the accused ' to make a religious question of the case,' and, after a delay of seven months, proceeded to the trial of Captain Atchison and Lieutenant Dawson.

It was impossible, after all that had elapsed during this long interval, that these officers could, under any circumstances, have a fair trial by a court-martial. We are unwilling to speak harshly of Sir Thomas Maitland, as, in the midst of these proceedings, and before the trial commenced, he himself was suddenly summoned to appear before a more awful tribunal. But, in justice to those individuals who are suffering under the sentence of the court-martial, it is necessary to remark, that, although Sir Thomas Maitland appears to have been in some respects influenced by prudential motives, he seems to have thought himself at liberty to commit an act of injustice towards the alleged offenders, which it will be difficult to defend or to palliate. For it was among the last acts of his life, to publish a general order, denouncing their conduct in no very measured terms, holding them forth to the army as guilty of an offence meriting the severest punishment, and thus prejudicing their case by a document bearing on its front the stamp of high official authority, and addressed to those before whom the charge was shortly to be submitted for judgement.

But, as if it were not enough that two unbefriended officers in a foreign land should have been prejudged by their superiors as guilty of a high military crime,—that, for seven long months of suspense, they should have been held up to the scorn and derision of the thoughtless, the irreligious, and the profane ; it was still further deemed just and proper to address the warrant for trial to Colonel Francesco Rivaróla, of the R. Malta Fencibles,—*the only field officer* in the island, whose country and religion ought to have disqualified him as a judge on this occasion. Yet, thus it was, that, in addition to the fearful odds arrayed against them, Captain A. and Mr. D. were compelled in their defence to urge home the charge of idolatry upon the Church of Rome, and to assert their rights

as Protestants and their privileges as Englishmen, before a court over which presided a Roman Catholic and a foreigner,—one who naturally heard with indignation the most imposing services and most gorgeous ceremonies of his church denounced as abominable in the sight of God, and one who little understood the tone or spirit of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.

Under such circumstances, it is not wonderful that the accused were hampered in their cross-examinations, and interrupted in their defence. It appears from the printed trial of Mr. Dawson,—in which he displayed promptitude, acuteness, talent, and eloquence, that would have done honour to the most accomplished and experienced counsel,—that he was interrupted when he was proceeding to prove this proposition, so clear, yet so necessary to the establishment of his innocence, ‘that, whether we consider the infinite offence to Almighty God which it includes, or the demoralizing influence and the injury which it entails upon society, idolatry is by far the most heinous crime of which man can be guilty.’ After some discussion as to his right to introduce quotations from the Homilies of the Church of England in his defence, he was finally stopped; and, under those circumstances, he declined making any defence, intimating his intention to appeal from the decision of the court. His appeal was not made in vain. The court-martial was severely censured for their injustice, and ordered to re-assemble, to hear his defence, and to take it into their consideration. Their sentence was also so far mitigated, that, while they adjudged Mr. Dawson (as they before sentenced Captain A.) to be dismissed, they did not declare him, as they had done at first, ‘incapable of ever serving his majesty in any military capacity whatsoever.’

The only remaining part of these painful proceedings which demands our attention, is the letter from the Horse Guards, confirming the sentence, and commenting on the offence. We omit those parts of the letter which are, comparatively speaking, unimportant; but we cannot but notice certain positions, containing principles new to our constitution, and which, if generally adopted, would do more to undermine and overturn the Protestant religion, than a hundred acts made for granting equal rights to our Catholic fellow-subjects.

The first position advanced by his majesty’s advisers in this order, runs thus:—‘His majesty considers it necessary to observe, that *orders are lawful* when issued by authorities ‘legally constituted and competent to give them.’ Now, it will be observed, that this is apparently intended as a logical definition of the term ‘lawful order;’ and further, that no dis-

inction is made between orders civil, military, or religious. It is impossible, however, that this doctrine can be intended to be laid down in so broad and sweeping a manner. Doubtless, it is the duty of every good subject, and more especially of every Christian, to yield implicit obedience to the laws of his country. He will be "subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake," and he will not be found among "those who are given to change." It is still more absolutely the duty of a soldier to yield obedience to his lawful superiors. But, whether he be a soldier, or whether he be a civilian, the Christian will remember, that it is his duty in the first place to fear God and obey his laws. And if, unhappily, any human order should come in collision with his duty to God, he will give to the winds his allegiance to his sovereign, without stopping to inquire whether or not the order be issued by an authority legally constituted. If it be *unlawful in itself*, no adventitious circumstance, no fancied responsibility of others, can possibly render it lawful. For example, God has said, "Thou shalt not worship graven images." But a legally constituted authority also says, "At what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye shall fall down and worship the image which I have made." Shall this order be obeyed because we are bound to be loyal and good subjects, and because it might be said that our disobedience 'would establish a doctrine irreconcilable with the security and interests of the country, and therefore! equally at variance with the true principles of the Christian religion?'

Again, let the principle be applied exclusively to the army. The articles of war require obedience to every '*lawful order*.' But it is clear, that this supposes that an '*unlawful order*' might be given by a '*legally constituted authority*;' and for obedience to certain unlawful orders, a soldier might forfeit his life. We admit, that it is dangerous to reason from extreme cases, such as that under review; but still, we hold it to be unquestionable, that circumstances may occasionally arise, as they did at Malta, in which disobedience becomes a duty, and obedience a crime.

The only other position on which we are disposed to comment, is contained in the following paragraph, in which a defence is made of the order, for disobeying which, Captain Atchison and Mr. Dawson were cashiered.

'The orders issued upon this occasion, resulted from general and local considerations closely connected with the interests of the empire at large, and affecting generally the maintenance of peace and harmony in the government of Malta and the tranquillity thereof.



That an act of courtesy, observed from these considerations in a colony in which the profession of the Roman Catholic faith is acknowledged and sanctioned by the British Government, an act strictly consistent with the respect which has been customarily paid by his majesty's troops to the catholic ceremonies in catholic countries, cannot be viewed as rendering the superior officer, still less the executive officer, a party to worship not recognized by the established religion of the mother country. The attention shewn to the feelings, habits, and prejudices of a loyal and well-disposed population, subjects of his majesty, professing a different creed, is, in fact, a *civil act* prescribed by the policy and general interest of the state, which those intrusted with public duties are bound to support.\*

Our readers will, we apprehend, be not a little astonished at the language of this quotation, should they be unacquainted with the facts detailed in the appendix to this trial. In this appendix are contained official documents, in one instance requiring the attendance of the troops in Malta, with band, king's colours, &c., in the cathedral church, in mourning, TO ASSIST AT THE SOLEMN SACRIFICE OF MANY MASSES FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SOUL OF THE LATE POPE FROM PURGATORY! (pp. 119, 20.) From other documents it appears, that, at CORFU, the military and civil officers of the crown, along with the Greek priesthood, are required to join in a procession in honour of St. Spiridione!! 'On such occasions,' says Mr. Dawson,

'the bones of the saint are borne under a canopy, British field-officers supporting the same over those relics, and the remainder of the officers following in train, lighted candles being carried by those to whom the priests think proper to distribute them. Cripples throw themselves in the way for cure; and miracles are supposed to be effected during the procession to the church, both there and in the remainder of the Ionian islands; *each of which has its patron who receives similar honours.*' pp. 115 and 121.

After this, our readers will not be surprised to learn, that these abominations are not confined to the Mediterranean, but extend also to the Mauritius, where 'the mass and other solemnities of the Romish religion are assisted by guards of honour and salutes of cannon from the military.\*'

If these be the modern principles of toleration,—if such concessions be necessary to the practice of liberality,—if these be 'civil acts prescribed by the policy and general interests of the state,'—well may we apply the remarks of Gibbon, in re-

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\* Memoranda respecting the State of Slavery, &c. in the Mauritius. 8vo. (Butterworth.)

gard to Pagan toleration, to the history of our own country in the present age. 'The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world, were all considered by the people as *equally true*, by the philosopher as *equally false*, and by the *magistrate as equally useful*. The devout Polytheist, though fondly attached to his national rites, admitted, with implicit faith, the different religions of the earth. The thin texture of Pagan mythology was interwoven with various, but not discordant materials. The deities of a thousand groves and a thousand streams, possessed in peace their local and respective influence. Nor could the Roman, who deprecated the wrath of the Tiber, deride the Egyptian, who presented his offering to the beneficent genius of the Nile.'

We are indeed filled with horror at the thought, that so total a dereliction of religious principle should be sanctioned and encouraged in the army. If it be necessary for the welfare of the empire, that British soldiers should prostrate themselves before Popish images, or follow in procession the bones of saints with lighted tapers in their hands,—why may we not also expect to find that it is deemed necessary, that they should also do homage to the prejudices of the peaceful Hindoo or haughty Mussulman? Why may not we also see British troops, stifling the voice of conscience, renouncing the principles of their faith, and degrading their character, prostrate themselves before Juggernaut, or profess the creed of the Koran? It is an abuse which calls loudly for redress; and every Englishman is bound to do his utmost to wipe off the foul stain from the character of his country.

We are not advocating intolerance; we have ever been the warm and steady friends of complete, unequivocal, and substantial toleration. But there is a wide difference between toleration and indifference,—between the protection which ought to be extended to every individual in the observance of his religious rites, and the latitudinarian principle which would cause a man to be indifferent whether he addressed his Maker as 'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.' Let Romanists retain at home, as well as in our colonies, the pompous pageantry and glittering paraphernalia of their public processions; let them parade their images in gaudy costume to the sound of sacred music, amidst the chaunting of monks, priests, friars, and other votaries of the mystical Babylon;—let them possess unmolested their canopies, their incense, their banners, to rivet the attention of the crowd, and chain the senses of deluded devotees: their errors are to be combated with other weapons than those of compulsion or than penal statutes. Let them at all times find in celebrating their public worship, that protection to

which they have a just claim. But surely, there is a limit beyond which we cannot pass with safety. Are we to surrender our own principles, and thus help to rivet more firmly the chains of Popery, by bringing Protestantism and pure religion into contempt? Can this be essential to the welfare of the empire? And shall Protestant officers, men of unblemished character and strict principle, be frowned upon and driven out of the army, because they will not sacrifice their conscience, and relinquish their religion, in support of the vain attempt to fortify our interests by flattering the Roman Catholic?

In examining the case of Captain Atchison and Mr. Dawson, we have been forcibly reminded of the story of Marcellus the centurion, as related by Milner. It seems that the Emperor Diocletian had introduced new military laws, and ordered soldiers to join in sacrifices to the gods. 'It was in the year 298,' says this excellent historian, 'at Tangier in Mauritania, while every one was employed in feasting and sacrifices, that Marcellus the centurion took off his belt, threw down his vine-branch and arms, and added: "I will not fight any longer under the banner of your Emperor, or serve your gods of wood and stone. If the condition of a soldier be such that he is obliged to sacrifice to gods and emperors, I abandon the vine-branch and the belt, and quit the service." "We plainly see the cause," says Fleury, "that forced Christians to desert: they were compelled to partake of idolatrous worship." The centurion was ordered to be beheaded, and Cassianus, the Register, whose business it was to take down the sentence, cried out aloud that he was shocked at its injustice. Marcellus smiled for joy, foreseeing that Cassianus would be his fellow-martyr. In fact, he was actually martyred a month after.\*

We doubt not, that in the days of Marcellus, there were lukewarm Christians who agreed with his tyrannical oppressors in thinking that he was guilty of imprudence, and that with a safe conscience he might have obeyed the 'lawful order of the constituted authorities.' And we know that there were not wanting in that age, any more than in our own, courtly sycophants and profane infidels†, to misrepresent his motives and ridicule his conduct. But his name is enrolled among the noble army of the martyrs of Jesus, and will be holden in everlasting remembrance, while that of his persecutors shall rot in oblivion, or live in the detestation of mankind. To Captain Atchison and Lieutenant Dawson, has been given

\* Milner, vol. i. p. 500.

† Gibbon.



the glorious distinction reserved for few in these days of ease and expediency, "in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe " in him, but also to suffer for his sake." Their professional hopes have been blasted, they have been deprived of all their worldly dependence, and it may be thought by some, that they have been degraded. But degraded they cannot be, till all the glorious martyrs and confessors of Christ are also held to have been degraded;—till those who have despoiled them of their wealth, and stripped them of their military honours, shall also be able to bereave them of the calm sunshine of the soul, —to deprive them of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away,—to tear from them hope, and stamp shame upon their brow. Their self-denial and undaunted firmness in the midst of threats and persecutions,—the derision\* of the ungodly,—the entreaties of their friends,—and above all, the opposition of mistaken or lukewarm Christians,—are far above all praise of ours. Nor is it possible to calculate the benefit which has been produced by their example. Already has it occasioned the silent abolition of the practice which was thought necessary for the welfare of the empire, and for disobeying which they were dismissed. But the influence of this bright example shall extend not merely to the present, but to future ages, and, like that of the martyred Marcellus, serve to cheer and animate in his course the Christian soldier who is at any time required to sacrifice the rights of conscience, and compromise his duty to his God. In the possession of so many sources of consolation, we might be disposed to view Captain Atchison and Lieutenant Dawson as objects of our envy and admiration, rather than of our pity. But still, there is a duty which their fellow Christians at home owe, not merely to these officers, but to the cause in which they suffered. We are bound to take care that, so far as pecuniary compensation can alleviate the injury they have sustained, they shall not suffer through our default;—and we are happy to see that steps have been taken for the purpose of raising a subscription for their benefit, and to rescue them from the state of destitution in which they are placed. To the honour of the Church of England be it spoken, one of its most illustrious prelates† has been the first to head the subscription with a donation of one hundred pounds. We feel confident that the tried friends of

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\* It was often repeated as a *bon mot* at Malta, as well before as after the trial, that 'if a man chose to serve his God instead of serving his country, he must take the consequences.'

† The Archbishop of Tuam.

civil and religious liberty will not be backward on such an occasion.\*

But this is not all that is required. If we would wipe off the stain which blots our character as the first Protestant nation in the world, it is necessary to adopt measures for preventing the recurrence of such scenes of persecution, by removing their occasion. Let the practice of turning out the guard and presenting arms to the host,—of firing salutes and attending mass,—of joining in idolatrous processions, and doing homage to the bones of saints,—be at once and for ever abolished. This has been at last effected at Malta by the perseverance and decision of two officers. But why is the example to be confined to one of our colonies only? Let every Englishman remember that he himself can do something towards the accomplishment of so desirable an object; that he has a voice in the representation of the country; that, at all events, he has the right of petition; and remembering these things, let him also recollect, ‘that power and privilege are duty and responsibility.’

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Art. II. *Walladmor*, “freely translated into German from the English of Sir Walter Scott,” and now freely translated from the German into English. In 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1825.

**T**HE astonishing popularity and well-earned success of the class of fictions called *par excellence* ‘the Scottish novels,’—the unexhausted fertility of the author, who, by the wayward coquetry of making them ‘deeds without a name,’ has rendered his identity the more notorious, and their paternity undeniable from the affectation of concealing it,—are rare singularities in the history of our light literature. It is also worth remarking, how silently, and how rapidly, the whole brood of compositions which by courtesy had been suffered to usurp the name of novels, the countless, nameless equivocal things that crawled into languid, ephemeral life from the Minerva press and other equally respectable repositories of

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\* From a Letter in circulation, it appears, that subscriptions are received by Henry Drummond, Esq. Charing Cross; W. Carus Wilson, Esq. M.P.; Benjamin Shaw, Esq. M.P., New Street, Spring Gardens; Joseph Butterworth, Esq. M.P. Fleet Street. And at Messrs. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly; Mr. Nisbet’s, Berner’s Street; Mr. Holdsworth’s, St. Paul’s Church Yard; and Messrs. Hankey’s Bank, Fenchurch Street.

amusements,—have, since the dawning of the *Waverley* luminary, flitted away, as at the ‘crowing of the cock,’ into the unsubstantial vapour which gave them birth. The school is completely fixed, the taste universally diffused. Succeeding writers, in their efforts to amuse the public with the same species of reading, have each paid the involuntary tribute to their great prototype, of new-modelling his incidents, tamely copying his landscapes, imitating his dialogues, and paraphrasing his sentiments. Mannerism, indeed, of every kind, even that wherein the Author only abuses his own privilege of resembling himself, is displeasing; but it is more than offensive, it is hurtful to literature, when it is a systematic mimicry of works of transcendent merit. So many second-hand modellers put us out of humour with the original by their lifeless, dull resemblances. It is a tax, however, which, in spite of the shrugs and frowns of criticism, will continue to be levied upon our patience, in commutation for real and original excellence. Hence it is, that during the intervals of the parturient throes of the great Northern romance-writer, we must put up with the feebler products of the imitators who, with more or less grace, wear his livery, and study, as in a sort of literary high life below stairs, the air, the attitudes, and the manners of their master. How unreasonable would it be, when a new novel is put into our hands, to look for a fiction consisting of chapters without mottoes, scenes laid out of the mountains and morasses of Scotland, dialogue clothed in any other dialect than the Doric of the north, or incidents in which a hag of the true Meg Merrilies breed, muttering her quaint fancies in mystic and prophetic rhyme, should not largely participate?

The extensive popularity of this school of writings (we speak at present of its distinguished founder) is far from being unintelligible. Not to dwell upon the abundant information, sprinkled with no unsparing hand, even upon remote and recondite subjects in every part of these novels, and by means of which they cheat their readers into unexpected instruction,—one of their prominent distinctions is, the good sense which stands sentinel, as it were, at every page, to keep off all extravagancies or improbabilities that are at war with reason or nature, and which violate the modesty of both in all the hackney specimens of modern fiction,—and this too, without abating one jot of the vivacity and spirit which inform and animate the whole. Not that any preconceived moral is sought to be enforced, any important theory to be recommended. The Author of *Waverley* rarely, perhaps never, frames his story in subservience to a moral,—content with scattering on



his way, high sentiments of heroic resolve, of calm, or dignified, or active virtue, or of patient endurance, and successively illustrating them in the different characters of his fable, as they march onwards, each to the several purposes for which he has destined them. Above all, we must not overlook, what is in itself one of the necessary results of calling in good sense to the concoction of works from which it had so long been the fashion to exclude her,—the subdued tone, the comparatively subordinate agency assigned to the great master-passion of our life,—that mighty power to whom, in all preceding fictions, the key which unlocks the sacred source of our sympathies, had been almost *exclusively* confided. Our credulity is not now insulted by those strange personifications of exaggerated sensibility and romantic affection, which we were as sure of finding in the fictitious world, as it would have been impossible to meet with them in the real one which is supposed to be its archetype. We are now indulged with pictures of what really takes place in life, of which the votaries of the circulating library could formerly entertain no correcter notions, than of the art of perspective, studied only from the landscapes of a China teapot.

We spoke slightly of the imitators of the Waverley novels; but, in this tribe, we will not class several specimens of the school which have recently attained the highest ranks of that secondary merit.

High in the minor class, we place the pleasing and delightful fictions of Scottish life, which have flowed from the prolific pen of Mr. Galt. If he falls much below his master, it is not in scenes of simple and pathetic description, in the home-felt, natural delights of cottage tranquillity, the silent, unobtrusive sufferings of a wounded spirit, sustained in its struggles with penury or mischance, by the sweetly-whispered consolations of religious hope, nor in the spirited pencillings of Scottish scenery, which diversify and embellish his narrations. But it is in the *whole*,—the vast scope and bolder surface traversed by his predecessor,—the more assured step with which he walks through paths he first opened, and treads the region he first discovered,—the greater variety of his incidents,—the fresher impress of his characters;—in a word, the almost boundless extent and variety of his plan, and the genius with which it is compressed into regularity, and smoothed into uniformity. It is the relation of a miniature painter to the historical artist, who blends into one great purpose, multifarious groupings, earth, ocean, and all that peoples the living, or fills the inanimate creation.

We scarcely know whether the Writer of Walladmor can be legitimately ranked amongst the imitators of the Waverley

school. The plan and sketch bear evident traces of resemblance, but, in the filling up of his outline, he is original and inventive, far beyond the aspirings of an intentional copyist. In truth, some slight degree of parody was unavoidable, for Walladmor appears to have been, at first, devised as a playful piece of wagery upon the Scottish novels. But, as the author proceeded, his own powers became impatient of the restraint, and gradually unfolded themselves in a spirited fiction, which displays no ordinary talent of composition. The original made its appearance in Germany, as a work of Sir Walter Scott, being a *soi-disant* translation from a novel of that Author, furnished for the annual exigencies of the Leipsic fair, by some obliging proxy who forged it in his name ;—it being ‘ an object of much importance, that all books which found any part of their interest upon their novelty, should be brought out at this time, and something or other is generally looked for from the pen of every popular writer, as a means of giving zest and seasoning to the heavy Mess-Catalog.’

‘ The Easter fair offered a favourable opportunity for such an attempt, from the circumstance of there being just then no acknowledged novel in the market from the pen of that writer which was sufficiently recent to gratify the wishes of the fair, or to throw suspicion upon the pretensions of the hoaxer. These pretensions, it is asserted, for some time passed unquestioned ; and the good people of Germany, as we are assured, were universally duped. A work, produced to the German public, and circulated with success under such assumptions, must naturally excite some curiosity in this country ; to gratify which, it has been judged proper to translate it.’ *Advertisement*, pp. viii, ix.

It was not to be expected, that a fiction written with any real or apparent allusion to Sir Walter Scott, should be without a Meg Merrilies. Bertram, the hero, is ship-wrecked by the explosion of a steam-vessel on the coast of North Wales, having struggled to keep hold of a floating rum-cask with a fellow-sufferer who was a competitor for the same means of safety,—a wild, reckless being, who, as his powers were deserting him, confided to his charge a pocket-book containing a letter for a lady to whom the poor fellow was attached. Bertram, having generously endeavoured to rescue him at the risk of his own life, is washed ashore, and first opens his eyes in a hut which, with its hideous tenant, is thus picturesquely described.

‘ The cottage was of that humble order which in this kingdom are found only at the extremities of the Scotch Highlands, and tenanted by a race of paupers who gain a scanty subsistence from the limpets and other marine products which they take at low water. The framework of the hovel was rudely put together of undressed pine-boughs ;

the walls were a mixed composition of clay, turf, sea weed, muscle-shells, and flints; timbers had been laid for the main-beams of a ceiling; but they were not connected by joists, nor covered in: so that the view was left open to the summit of the roof, which being composed of sedge and moss allowed a passage to the wind and rain. In the little room were hanging all kinds of utensils, but in so confused an arrangement and in so dubious a light that Bertram could make out but little of what he saw. The sole light in the hut proceeded from a fire in the corner. But this fire was so sparingly fed, that it seldom blazed up or shot forth a tongue of flame except when a draught of wind swept through; which however happened pretty often. The smoke escaped much less through the chimney than through the chinks of the wall; enveloping every object in a dusky shade, and deepening the gloom. Perfect silence reigned in the house; and no living creature appeared to be present. But once, when the fire happened to shoot forth a livelier gleam, the clouds of smoke parted and discovered a female countenance—old, and with striking features, and fixing a pair of large dark-grey eyes upon a pan or cauldron which hung over the fire. Sometimes, when a cloud of vapour arose from the pan, and collected in a corner into fantastic wreaths, she pursued it with her eyes, and a smile played over her withered cheeks; but, when it dispersed or escaped through the chinks, a low muttering and sometimes a moaning might be distinguished. She had, as Bertram observed, a spinning-wheel between her feet: but busy as her hands seemed, and mechanically in motion, it was evident that she did little or no work. At intervals she sang: but what she sang was more like a low muttered chaunt, than a regular song: at least Bertram understood not a word of it, if words they were that escaped her.

After one of these chaunts, the old woman rose suddenly from her seat, wrung her hands, seemed to trace strange circles in the air, and then scattered some substance into the fire which raised a sudden burst of flames that curled over the cauldron, lit up the house for a few moments, and then roaring up the chimney left all in greater darkness than before. During these few moments however Bertram had time to observe the whole appearance of the woman with some distinctness. She seemed to have the stature of a well-grown man; but her flesh had fallen away so remarkably that the red frieze gown which she wore hung in loose folds about her. Much as Bertram was shocked at first by the spectacle of her harsh bony lineaments, her fiery eye, and her grey disheveled hair,—he yet perceived in her face the traces of former beauty. She raised her bony arms, as if in supplication, to that quarter of the room where Bertram was lying; he perceived however that it was not himself, but some object near him which drew her attention. To his great alarm he now discovered close to himself a chair—the only one in the room,—and sitting upon it some motionless figure in the attitude of a living man. The old woman stretched out her hands with more and more earnestness to this object, as though she looked for some sign from it: but, receiving none, she struck her hands violently together; in a transport of



rage upset the spinning-wheel; and fell back into her seat. If Bertram had at first felt compassion on witnessing the expressions of her grief and the anguish of her expectation, this feeling was soon put to flight by the frantic explosion of anger which followed. So great was his consternation that he resolved to attempt escaping unobserved from the cottage; and he first hoped to recover his full self-possession when he should find himself at liberty and in the open air. With this intention, it may be readily imagined how much his consternation was increased on finding himself unable to stir either hand or foot. His head even moved with difficulty: and it seemed as though no faculty had been left unaffected but that of eye-sight, which served but to torment him by bringing before him this scene of terror. He could almost have wished to exchange his present situation for his recent exposure to the fury of the elements. He attempted to sleep; but found himself unable; and after the lapse of two long hours he heard a knocking at the door.' pp. 16—21.

Bertram is summoned by the old hag as soon as he is somewhat recovered, to take his passage in a vessel commanded by a French captain. He had no choice; he had fallen into rough hands, (the hut was the rendezvous of smugglers,) and he embarks on board a large twelve-oared boat heavily laden. Bertram, after a long pedestrian journey among the mountains, is conducted to a Welsh inn by a mysterious stranger, who afterwards turns out to be a personage of considerable importance in the agencies of this tale. This Edward Nicholas is a man of ruined fortunes, who was then endeavouring to conceal himself from pursuit on a charge of high-treason, the Author having, with no small degree of extravagance, made him one of the Cato-street conspirators!! Much of the interest of the story turns upon the faithful and not unrequited attachment of this unhappy desperado to the beautiful niece of Sir Morgan Walladmor, who resided at his paternal castle of that name. The festival of St. David's day, in which the baronet and that young lady are conspicuous actors, is described with an obvious affectation of Sir Walter Scott's manner. Proceeding homeward after the day's festivities, Miss Walladmor's life is endangered, the horses of her carriage having been affrighted by the fire-works and huzzas which closed the day. She is rescued by her lover.

'Previously irritated, and now alarmed beyond measure by the fireworks—the huzzas—and the flashing lights, the horses became ungovernable; the contagion of panic spread; all were plunging and kicking at once: the splinter-bar was smashed to atoms; and, the crowd of by-standers being confused by the darkness and the uncertain light, before any one could lay hands upon them—the horses had lurched to one side and placed the carriage at the very edge of the road fenced off only by a slender wooden railing of two feet

high from a precipice of forty feet, which just at this place overhung the river. At this instant a man, muffled up in a dark cloak, whom Bertram, whilst talking with the landlord, had repeatedly observed walking about the carriage and looking anxiously to the windows, sprang with the speed of lightning to the leader's heads—and held them forcibly until others followed his example, and seized the heads of the wheel-horses. But all the horses continuing still to tremble with that sort of trepidating and trampling motion which announces a speedy relapse into the 'paroxysm of fury,—the man who held the leaders drew a cutlass from beneath his cloak; and, tossing it to a sailor-like man who stood near him, bade him instantly cut the traces: not a moment was to be lost; for the hind wheels were already backing obliquely against the rails; the slight wood work was heard crashing; and a few inches more of retrograde motion would send the whole equipage over the precipice. The sailor however had a sailor's agility, and cut away as if he had been cutting at a boarding netting. Ten seconds sufficed to disengage the carriage from the horses; and at the same instant a body of men seizing the hind wheels rolled the carriage forward from the dark precipitous edge over which it already hung in tottering suspense. A burst of joyous exultation rose from the crowd; for Miss Walladmor was universally beloved—as much on her own account, as from the local attachment to her name and family. Whilst the danger lasted she had sate still and composed in the carriage; when it was over she first felt a little agitated; and the loud testimonies of affectionate congratulation made her more so. She bent forward however to the window, and commanded herself sufficiently to thank them all in a low but very audible and emphatic tone. The sweetness of her low and melancholy voice trembling with emotion, and her pensive beauty which was at this moment powerfully revealed by the torch-light, charmed the rudest man in the crowd: all was hushed while she spoke; and the next moment an answer rose from the whole assemblage of people in clamorous expressions of attachment to the young lady of Walladmor.

Bertram had been a silent observer of all; he still kept his eye on the man in the cloak; and he observed, that as soon as the attention of the crowd was withdrawn from the carriage this man again approached it. Miss Walladmor had also observed him; and, being well aware that it was chiefly to the man in the cloak that she was indebted for her safety, she was anxious for an opportunity of thanking him separately. For this purpose she leaned forward as he approached, and was going to have spoke: but suddenly the stranger unmuffled his head; the light of the lamp fell upon his features, and disclosed the countenance of a young man—apparently about twenty-four years old; a countenance which at this moment appeared to Bertram eminently noble and dignified, and strongly reminded him of the fine profile which he had seen in the gallery of the inn. It was a countenance that to Miss Walladmor was known too well for her peace: this was evident from all that followed. She uttered a sudden shriek on seeing him; the noise of the crowd overpowered

it, but Bertram was near and heard it; then sank back for a moment: then again leaned forward, and turned deadly pale: then seemed to recover herself, and burst into tears—large tears which glittered in the lamp-light: and at last fixing her eyes upon the stranger—and seeing that he stood checked and agitated by the uncertain meaning of her manner,—in a moment, and in a rapture of tenderness that asked no counsel of fears or selfish scruples, or of any thing on this earth but her own woman's heart, she stretched out her hand to him, and, through her streaming tears, smiled upon him with innocent love. She had no voice to thank him as her deliverer; nor did she at this moment think of him as such; for her heart had gone back to times in which she needed no ties of *gratitude* (or believed that she needed none) to justify her attachment. On the other hand, the stranger likewise uttered not a word. He, who would have died a thousand times to have saved a hair of her head from suffering injury, had not thought of his recent service as of any thing that could entitle him to a moment's favour; and, when he actually beheld the smile of her angelic countenance, and found her hand within his own, he held it at first as one who knew not that he held it: for a little space his thoughts seemed to wander; he looked upwards as if in deep perplexity; and Bertram observed a slight convulsive movement about his lips. But suddenly he recovered himself; pressed the hand which he held with a look of unutterable fervour to his heart; kissed it with an anguish of love, deep—endless—despairing: and, as he resigned it, offered a letter which Miss Walladmor immediately accepted without hesitation: and then, without hazarding another look, he disappeared hastily in the darkness.

We must not omit a Meg Merrilies' scene. Bertram, on his way to visit the ruins of Ap Gauvon, a place which tradition and legend had peopled with horrors of every description, had to pass by a stone-gallows, which, according to mine host, who directed him how to find the road, had been built by Edw. I. to hang the Welsh harpers on, and upon which, in the landlord's own time, many a fine lad has taken his last look of daylight: 'and there,' said he, 'you'll meet with an old body amongst these hills, that has the heart-ache when she looks that way.'

'Looking round for some person of whom he could inquire the road, he saw or fancied that he saw—a human figure near the gallows; and, going a little nearer he clearly distinguished a woman sitting at its foot. He paused a little while to watch her. Sometimes she muttered to herself, and seemed as if lost in thought: sometimes she roused herself up suddenly, and sang in a wild and boisterous tone of gaiety; but it easily appeared that there was no joy in her gaiety: for the tone of exultation soon passed into something like a ferocious expression of vengeance. Then, after a time, she would suddenly pause and laugh; but in the next moment would seem to recover the main recollection that haunted her; and falling back as into the key-



note of her distress, would suddenly burst into tears. Bertram saw enough to convince him that the poor creature's wits were unsettled; and from the words of one of the fragments which she sang, a suspicion flashed upon his mind that it could be no other than his hostess in the wild cottage; though how, or on what errand, come over to this neighbourhood—he was at a loss to guess. To satisfy himself on all these points if possible, he moved nearer and accosted her:

“A cold evening, good mother, for one so old as you to be sitting out in the open air.”

“Yes, Sir,” she answered, without expressing any surprise at his sudden interruption; “yes, Sir, it's a cold evening; but I am waiting for a young lad that was to meet me here.”

Bertram now saw that his conjecture was right; it was indeed his aged and mysterious hostess: but, before he could speak, she seemed to have forgotten that he was present—and sang in an under tone:

‘They hung him high aboon the rest,  
He was sae trim a boy;  
Thair dyed the youth whom I lov'd best  
—My winsome Gilderoy.

“A young man you were expecting to meet you?” said Bertram.

“Yes, Sir, a young man:” and then, holding up her apron to her face as if ashamed, she added—“he was a sweetheart of mine, Sir.” But in a moment, as if recollecting herself, she cried out—“No, no, no: I'll tell you the whole truth: he was my son, my love, my darling: and they took him, Sir, they hanged him here. And, if you'll believe my word, Sir—they wouldn't let his old mother kiss his bonny lips before he died. Well, well! let's have nothing but peace and quietness. All's to be right at last. There's more of us, I believe, that won't die in our beds. But don't say I told you.”

“My good old hostess, can you shew me the road to Griffith ap Gauvon?”

“Ap Gauvon, is it? Aye, aye: there's one of them: *he* 'll never die in his bed, rest you sure of that. Never you trouble your head about him: I've settled all that: and Edward Nicholas will be hanged at this gallows, if my name's Gillie Godber.”

“But, Mrs. Godber, don't you remember me? I was two nights at your cottage; and I'm now going to the Abbey of Ap Gauvon where I hope to meet one that I may perhaps be of some service to.”

“Don't think it: there's nobody can ever be of service to Edward Nicholas. He's to be hanged, I tell you, and nobody must save him. I have heard it sworn to. You'll say that I am but a weak old woman. But you would not think now what a voice I have: for all it trembles so, my voice can be heard when it curses from Anglesea to Walladmor. Not all the waves of the sea can cry it down.”

“But why must Edward Nicholas be hanged?”

“Oh, my sly Sir, you would know my secret—would you? You're a lawyer, I believe. But stay—I'll tell you why he must be hanged:” and here she raised her withered arm to the stars which were just then becoming visible in the dusk. Pointing with her forefinger to a constellation brighter than the rest, she said—

“There was a vow made when he was born; and it's written amongst the stars. And there's not a letter in that book that can ever be blotted out. I can read what's written there. Do you think that nobody's bairns must be hanged but mine?”

“But who then was it, my good Mrs. Godber, that hanged your son?”

“Who should it be but the old master of Walladmor? He knows by this time what it is to have the heart-ache. Oh! kite, he tore my lamb from me. But, hark in your ear—Sir Lawyer! I visited his nest, old ravening kite! High as it was in the air, I crept up to his nest: I did—I did!” And here she clapt her hands, and expressed a frantic exultation: but, in a moment after, she groaned and sate down; and, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears; and soon appeared to have sunk into thought, and to be unconscious of Bertram's presence.

The smugglers occupied a subterraneous vault of the Abbey, and the captain of the band was Edward Nicholas. Bertram accidentally falls into this worshipful society. A singular recognition takes place, for Nicholas was the very person who had contested the possession of the cask with Bertram.

“Have you forgotten, then, that poor wretch in the tumult of the waves, to whom, when he was in his agony, thou, Bertram, didst resign thy own security—and didst descend into the perilous and rocking waters? Deeply, oh deeply, I am in thy debt; far more deeply I would be, when I ask for favours such as this.”

“Is it possible? Are you he? But now I recollect your forehead was then hidden by streaming hair; convulsive spasms played about your lips; and your face was disguised by a long beard.”

“I am he; and but for thee should now lie in the bowels of a shark, or spitted upon some rock at the bottom of the ocean. But come, my young friend, come into the open air; for in this vault I feel the air too close and confined.”

A spirited description ensues of the picturesque and sublime site of the Abbey.

“This is Griffith ap Gauvon, of which I lately spoke to you.”

All words, as Bertram felt, would fail to express the strength of his emotions; language would but have violated the solemnity of the thoughts which rivetted his gaze to the scene before him. He was silent therefore; and, in a few moments, his companion resumed:

“Here, Bertram, do I often stand on the giddy precipice; and I look down upon the dread tranquillity of the spectacle; and then often I feel as though I wanted no friend; as though nature, the mighty mother, were a sufficient friend that fulfilled all my wishes—a friend far better and wiser than any which the false world can offer. But, Bertram, come a little further!”

He led him, sideways, from that part of the building out of which they had issued by the little portal about one hundred yards further.

The wall, scarce three feet wide, stood here nearly insulated: and was on the one side bounded by the abyss just described, and on the other by what might have been an inner court—that lay however at least three stories deep below. Nothing but a cross-wall, which rose above the court towards a little tower, touched this main wall. At the extremity of this last, where it broke off abruptly, both stopped. Hardly forty steps removed from them, rose the great tower, which in past times doubtless had been connected with the point at which they stood, but was now divided by as deep a gulf as that which lay to the outside wall. “Further there is nothing,” said his guide: “often have I come hither and meditated whether I should not make one step onwards, and in that way release myself from all anxiety about any future steps upon this earth.”

“But the power and the grandeur of nature have arrested you and awed you?”

“Right. Look downwards into the abyss before us:—deep, deep below, trickles along, between pebbles and moss and rocky fragment, a little brook: now it is lit up by the moon:—and at this moment it seems to me as if something were stirring; and now something is surely leaping over:—but no—it was deception: often when I have stood here in meditation, and could not comprehend what checked me from taking one bold leap, a golden pillar of moonlight has met me gleaming upwards from the little brook below—(brook that I have haunted in happier days); and suddenly I have risen as if ashamed—and stolen away in silence!” Vol. II. pp. 34—37.

The conversation is broken off by a hot pursuit after Nicholas, for whose apprehension a reward of 500*l.* had been proclaimed; he escapes, but Bertram is taken, and one of the constables, holding up a torch to his face, pronounces him to be the very Nicholas of whom they were in search. He is rescued by the party under the command of Nicholas, but again apprehended by a party of dragoons, so strong was his resemblance to the offender they were pursuing, and conveyed a prisoner under a charge of high treason to Walladmor castle, the only place in the county strong enough to resist the attempts for his deliverance, anticipated from the numerous smugglers on the coast.

Bertram's unlucky resemblance to the real criminal, continues to involve him in embarrassment. The magistrates are all convinced of his identity with Nicholas, and he is remanded into confinement. But in the mean while, that mysterious personage appears before Sir Morgan, and what passes betwixt them (for which we must refer to the work) convinces the worthy baronet of Bertram's innocence, and he is accordingly set at liberty. The sad story of Mrs. Godber, the maniac who figures so much in these volumes, is shortly this. Her only and beloved son had been engaged in one or two of the smuggling affairs so common in that part of the country, and



in one of these, it happened that a revenue officer had been killed. It was held to be murder; the youth's case, after his conviction, however, came before the privy-council;—the opinion of Sir Morgan was consulted, and it was unfavourable to the convict. The unhappy mother besought him, but he was inexorable, though from honourable motives, to her supplications. The boy was executed, and the total wreck of her mind and her peace ensued. Her moral feelings then gave way to a deep-rooted malignity; and having long brooded over her dreadful project, she was at last enabled to execute it, through the agency of a niece whom she had contrived to introduce as a nursery-maid into Sir Morgan's family. Lady Walladmor's twin children, two fine boys, were stolen away, and carried on board a smuggling vessel, then in the offing;—and thus in one hour, were the hopes and happiness of that ancient family for ever prostrated. The miserable mother sank into a premature grave, and Sir Walter was left alone and desolate, though in some degree solaced with the society of his beautiful niece.

Who Edward Nicholas in reality is, may be easily conjectured. He had passed through a variety of fortunes. The captain of a roving vessel, a patriotic leader in South America, again a smuggler, but, in every change of his eventful life, generous, intrepid, and in all respects fitted for a lover in a novel. He had romantically saved the life of Miss Walladmor, and having fallen in love with her after the established laws of romance in such cases made and provided, was accepted as her lover by that heroic young lady; but when his character and conduct became too unequivocal in her eyes to be redeemed by the manly virtues for which she gave him credit, though she remained unalterable in her faith, she told him calmly and firmly, that they must part. On this he fell into desperate courses, reckless of fate and of honour, till he became (for such the author by a most revolting absurdity chooses to make him) a Cato-street conspirator. He is tried and convicted of high treason. It will not be surprising to those who have advanced thus far in the story, to find that Captain Nicholas turns out to be one of the stolen children of Sir Morgan, and Bertram, the other. Thus, Edward Walladmor is restored to his father and the castle of his ancestors as a prisoner within its walls, and sentenced to death. The novel closes with the escape of Walladmor, who is rescued from the castle, and the death of Miss Walladmor, who is accidentally shot in the scuffle.

Thus was the old rhyme fulfilled which Gillie Godber had so

often chaunted, and in a comprehensive sense that perhaps she had not hoped. "Grief was over at Walladmor." Her own fate ratified the prophecy and sealed its truth. She also was among the killed: some merciful bullet had liberated her from the storm of guilt and sorrow which for more than twenty years had brooded over her brain, and ravaged her heart; and after so long a period of calamity, during which she had been rejected from human sympathy, she was again gathered within the fold of Christian fellowship in the pastoral churchyard of Utragan. On a grey and silent afternoon a funeral was beheld by those who stood upon the mountains above Utragan winding through the valleys to the quiet chapel at their foot. It stopped in a secluded angle of the churchyard at a spot known to all the country. The grave of the "blooming boy," whose filial prayer upon the scaffold for his mother's peace of mind had *not* been granted, was now opened to receive her; and the mother and the son, after their long separation, once more were reunited. This spectacle brought back forgiving thoughts: the pity, which had once been granted to her, was now restored: and the uncharitable thoughts, which had attended her when living, gave way before the affecting memorials of the open grave—suggesting the awful trial which had overthrown her reason before her conscience had finally given way.

'After some weeks of illness Sir Morgan Walladmor was restored to a state of convalescence; and, by slow degrees and after many months, to his wonted firmness of mind. He was then able to bear the recital of all which had happened, and the news which had recently arrived of Captain Walladmor's death. Large funds had been sent out to him in South America by Sir Morgan's friends: with these he had raised a horse regiment: and at the head of this in the decisive engagement of Manchinilla he had found at last "the death that he was wooing!" With a miniature of Miss Walladmor pressed to his lips, he was discovered lying on the ground of the last decisive charge; and Sir Morgan was satisfied to hear that his son had met the death of a soldier and in a cause which he approved.'

Vol. II. pp. 291—293.

It is, on the whole, difficult to determine whether the Author is quite in earnest, or whether he has devised this agreeable fiction merely as a solemn banter of the Scottish productions. The imitation in some points approaches almost too nearly to caricature, but it is a clever one. The English Walladmor, however, is not a little indebted, we suspect, to the Translator, who has cut down the three thick volumes of the German Walladmor into two of somewhat meagre proportions.

'The German hoaxer,' he says, 'was aware that no book could have a chance of passing for Sir Walter Scott's, which was not in three volumes octavo. A Scotch novel from Mr. Constable's press, and *not* in three volumes, would be as absurd as a novel from *any* man's press in folio—as ominous as 'double Thebes'—as perverse as

drinking a man's health "with two times two" (which in fact would be an insult)—as fraudulent as a subscription of 99/ 19s. (where it would be clear that some man had pocketed a shilling)—and as contrary to all Natural History as that twenty-seven tailors should make either more men or fewer than the cube root of that number. What is the occult law of the Constable press, which compels it into these three-headed births, might be difficult to explain: Mr. Kant himself, with all his subtlety, could never make up his mind why no man thinks of presenting a lady with a service of 23 cups and saucers, though it is evident that she is just as likely to have a party of 23 people as 24: nay, if the reader himself were to make such a present to an English grand jury, where the party never *could* be more than 23, he would infallibly order a service of 24: though he must be certain that the 24th cup-and-saucer was a mere Irish bull—an empty piece of impertinence—a disgusting pleonasm—and a downright logical absurdity. For a 24th grand jury man is as much a metaphysical chimæra as an "abstract Lord Mayor," or a 30th of February. Not only, therefore, *without* reason, but even *against* reason, people have a superstitious regard to certain numbers; and Mr. Constable has a right to *his* superstition, which possibly may rest on this consideration—that 3 is the number of the Graces. But, let the *rationale* of the case be what it may, we all know that it is a fact; and a Constable novel in *two* volumes (being a mere *ens rationis ratiocinantis*) would have been detected as a hoax *in limine* by the very printer's devils in any printing-office in Europe.' Vol. II. pp. 298—300.

The omitted parts, it is pretty distinctly intimated, are 'in-sufferable rubbish, long speeches on astrology and Welsh genealogy,' and a 'heap on English politics,' of which the sample given is bad enough. Nothing is more amusing than the awkward attempts of our neighbours to delineate English character and English customs. Nicholas is made to talk much more like a French revolutionist than an English radical. Some of the blunders and discrepancies in the conduct of the tale, which would not yield to the accommodating hand of the Translator, are pointed out in the notes. We should have been glad that the specimens of English swearing and profaneness had been omitted, although, in the eyes of foreigners, we are well aware, that this is regarded as so very distinguishing a national peculiarity, that a nick-name for an Englishman is formed of a vulgar oath. We rather wonder that the German writer has not made all his English personages swear; but here again we are possibly indebted to the Translator. The work unquestionably displays considerable powers, and we have deemed it not unworthy notice as a sort of literary curiosity; but our readers will probably be satisfied with the extracts we have given;—although the perusal will be not less edifying than the Pirate or Red Gauntlet.



- Art. III. 1. *Journal of a Residence and Travels in Colombia*, during the Years 1823 and 1824. By Captain Charles Stuart Cochrane, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1040. London. 1825.
2. *Letters written from Colombia*, during a Journey from Caracas to Bogota, and thence to Santa Martha, in 1823. 8vo. pp. xvi. 208. London. 1824.
3. *Colombia: its present State*, in respect of Climate, Soil, Productions, Population, Government, Commerce, &c. &c. and Inducements to Emigration. With an Original Map and Itineraries. By Colonel Francis Hall, Hydrographer in the Service of Colombia. 8vo. pp. 154. London. 1824.
4. *Travels in the Republic of Colombia*, in the Years 1822 and 1823. By G. Mollien. Translated from the French. 8vo. pp. 460. Price 14s. London. 1824.

THERE is something in a name; and whoever suggested that of Colombia as the national appellation of the somewhat heterogeneous republic which has superseded the viceroyalty of New Granada and the captain-generalship of Caracas, performed at once an act of tardy justice to the memory of the great man who discovered these regions for Europe, and a service of some moment to the Republicans. The semblance of unity at least is thus given to a state, comprising territories so totally different in their physical aspect, that they can never be considered as, properly speaking, one country; and neither the Venezuelans, nor the Cundinamarcans, nor the Quitonians can complain of having their provincial appellations merged in that of Colombians. So appropriate and euphonous is it, that the New Englanders, alias Yankees, New Yorkists, Philadelphians, Carolinians, &c. of North America, may well envy the sister Republic, what they so much want, an unexceptionable national designation. For want of this, we are obliged to use the equivocal name of Americans,—which is as if we should call the French, Europeans; and after all, America is not a republic or a country, but a continent. Mexico was still more fortunate in having a name ready for use, connected with historic and some romantic associations. Peru and Peruvian are noble names; Chili is tolerable; but the Buenos-Ayreans have yet to achieve for themselves a good name. The insignificant name of the Brazilian capital, the city of River, (*Rio*), is hardly to be recognised under the adjective *Fluminensis*.\*

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\* The title of *Flora Fluminensis* has been given to a Botanical work descriptive of the natural productions of Rio.

Buenos Ayres, though not untranslatable, is more unmanageable. It should have been called Mendoza, from its founder.

No part of Spanish America was so much neglected by the mother country, as that which we now call Colombia. It has never been wholly conquered, or, in the conquered parts, regularly colonised. The number of savage Indians (*bravos*) in Colombia as well as in Guatemala, is considerable. The desert spaces are so extensive, that the traveller may journey for days, and fancy himself in a country which human feet had never trodden. There are no roads, (that to the capital is all but impassable even by mules,) and few bridges; scarcely has a city or town been founded, except where stood a village of the aborigines; mining has been discouraged, agriculture suffered to decline, and the only trade of importance has been contraband. Every thing languished here. The Creoles who could lay claim to being descended from the conquerors, felt it incompatible with their honour to engage in any active occupation, considering the most absolute idleness as their birthright. All handicrafts were carried on by people of colour. On a territory extending over eighteen parallels of latitude, and twenty-two degrees of longitude, and comprising upwards of 113,000 square leagues, there did not exist a population (excluding the unreduced Indians) of three millions. Instead of Spain's deriving any revenues from these countries, the whole receipts were more than consumed by the expenses of administration; and the intendant of Caracas annually received upwards of a million of dollars from the treasuries of Mexico and Santa Fe, to meet the deficiencies. The whole exports of the captain-generalship of Caracas in 1807, are stated by Lavaysse to have amounted to only 5,200,000 dollars, including the contraband trade; and the imports were only 6,500,000. The exports of New Granada, prior to the Revolution, are stated by a native writer at 1,350,000 piasters in gold and silver bars, and 1,150,000 in produce; and the imports at not exceeding 2,500,000. Humboldt estimates the total imports of the united provinces of New Granada and Caracas at 11,200,000 piasters; the exports at 9,000,000. The total revenues of New Granada before 1810, never exceeded 3,200,000 dollars; those of Caracas about 1,400,000: the odious *alcavala*, the customs, and the royal monopoly of tobacco supplied the greater part; the other ways and means were, the sale of *bulls* and licences, the mint, the Indian capitation tax, and stamps. M. Mollien estimates the total revenues of Colombia at between five and six millions

of dollars. One of the greatest difficulties which the new Government has had to contend with, arose from the unsoundness of the financial system and the objectionable nature of some of these sources of revenue. The monopoly on tobacco, which of itself produced a million of dollars under the old system, it is intended to abolish as soon as the exigencies of the State will admit of it. The sale of bulls, the capitation tax, the fifths on gold obtained from washings, the *alcavala*, and the sale of public offices, have all been abolished, and almost the only certain branch of the present revenue, consists of the Custom-house duties. Such is the state of things, the consequence of three centuries of misgovernment, to which the Republican Government has succeeded. Formidable, it must be admitted, are the difficulties with which it has to contend, now that, as we confidently hope, nothing is to be feared from foreign invaders.

'The difficulties which stifle and fetter the commerce of Colombia,' says Col. Hall, 'may be reduced under the following heads; want of population, want of industry, want of capital, want of knowledge, and want of internal communications.'

'The necessary consequence of a want of population is, the dearth and scarcity of labour; a disadvantage trebly augmented by the feeble and inert disposition of the people. The Creole labourer will perform badly in a week, a piece of work which a European would do well in a day. Idleness is, in fact, the predominant propensity of all classes: in the rich, it is caused by the want of moral stimulus; in the poor, it is cherished by the facility of subsistence. In Colombia, the little which exists of social luxury is confined to Caracas and two or three sea-port towns. Throughout the whole of the interior, the comforts and even the decencies of life are unvalued, because unknown. The man who can eat beef and plantains, and smoke segars as he swings in his hammock, is possessed of almost every thing his habits qualify him to enjoy, or to which his ambition prompts him to attain. The poor have little less; the rich scarcely covet more.'

Commercial capital could scarcely be said to exist in this country. The few capitalists of any consequence were European Spaniards, who have generally emigrated. The business of a Creole merchant is rather that of a first-rate shopkeeper. As a specimen of the want of knowledge, Col. Hall states, that, during the year 1823, the Vice President, one of the most enlightened men in Colombia, 'urged on most probably by the Creole merchants, issued a decree, prohibiting foreigners from trading in the country on their own account, and compelling them to consign themselves to the natives.' This, he



remarks, was worthy of the worst times of the Spanish government, especially considering that to foreign merchants and to foreign arms, Colombia is indebted for her political existence. The Congress, however, appear to have perceived the folly of the measure, and it never passed into a law. To have enforced it, would have been impracticable.

The want of capital, our ubiquitous countrymen are doing their best to supply, and, by means of capital, to remedy other serious disadvantages. An Englishmen of the name of 'Thompson,' says M. Mollien, (Englishmen of that name are to be found every where,) 'under pretence of improving the system of mining, has obtained the exclusive right to work the salt mines of Zipaquirá, on engaging to pay the government 5000 piastres per month.' 'The pearl fishery, from the Rio Hacha to King George's Islands, has been granted to Cochrane's nephew,\* to render it more productive: the English will soon have their bells and divers, and the fishery will doubtless in a short time be wholly in their hands.' 'The English of Jamaica carry on almost the whole of the import trade.' 'The English, who let slip no opportunity of establishing their influence, have entreated a licence for ten years, to establish steam-boats upon the Orinoco.' 'The Zulía' (which flows into the lake of Maracaybo) 'is a magnificent stream—some Englishmen, already anticipating its advantages, have solicited permission to establish steam-boats upon it.' In point of fact, patents have been granted to Colonel James Hamilton and Mr. John Elbers, a German, to establish steam-boats on the Orinoco and the Magdalena, which, should they succeed, will be of incalculable advantage to the commerce of the country, and immensely accelerate every species of improvement. Between Lima and Panama, they would also be highly advantageous. Further, the Government has granted to the English house of Herring, Graham, and Powles of London, 'long tried friends and supporters of Colombia,' 200,000 fanegas of land in the provinces of Merida, Caracas, and Choco, with a view to encourage the emigration of Europeans into that country.

We confess that no country presents to our imagination a

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\* Col. Hall, however, states, that the monopoly of all the pearl fisheries of Colombia has been assigned to Messrs. Rundell, Bridge, and Rundell. To the above-mentioned instances of English enterprise may be added, that Colonel Manby, after gallantly distinguishing himself in the service of the Republic, has laid before the Government a proposal for lighting the streets of Bogota with gas!

less desirable residence, than any part of the burning coasts, the bare savannas, or the scarcely accessible mountain *plateaus* of Colombia. It is in many respects one of the least eligible parts of the New World for English agriculturists,—the only description of settlers who are wanted, or who would be likely to succeed. Mexico, Brazil, Illinois, Canada, or even the shores of the Plata, would, in our opinion, hold out stronger inducements. Yet, we cannot but sincerely rejoice, that a portion of the redundant capital of British merchants should be directed into such a channel, and that many of our adventurous countrymen should be attracted thither,—that the English language should be heard in the recesses of the Andes, and that a measure of English influence should mingle itself with the other elements which will combine to shape the future character and institutions of Colombia. Every patriot must rejoice in this, not merely as the honour of England is concerned in the extension of her moral conquests by means of her commercial ascendancy, but as the fairest opportunities will thus be opened, and the best medium be provided, for the diffusion of knowledge in its purest form. Of this our merchants think little, and for it they care less: they will be content with their gains. But not the less will they be instrumental, as pioneers, in making way for the entrance of something more valuable than their merchandise. It is not without jealousy on the part of foreign nations that this is witnessed, and Mollien betrays a spirit which is but too common to his countrymen in the following paragraphs.

‘The power of England in America is without a rival; no fleets but hers are to be seen; her merchandizes are bought almost exclusively; her commercial agents, clerks, and brokers, are every where to be met with, and her soldiers have contributed, in Colombia, to the success of the cause of independence.

‘This connexion with England is not of recent formation; it may be dated almost from the time of the establishment of the Spanish colonies; for, in proportion as the mother country added to the number of its prohibitive laws, the audacity of the English smugglers increased. The Americans, therefore, have constantly preserved their relations with England; Spain herself has rendered them more active at different periods, especially in 1796, by laws which openly authorized them. When the revolution burst forth, the ravages committed by English admirals and privateers, and the attack upon Carthagená by Vernon, in 1740, were therefore less thought of than the assistance which might be expected from that country.

‘Every kind of succour was afforded, and upon credit; arms, soldiers, ships, all arrived in America. Dear and expensive favours! Momentary circumstances imparted a degree of value to them; it was forgotten, that India had been subjected by receiving similar

ones, and that Buenos Ayres, in 1806, had seen the British standard floating upon its ramparts.

‘The antipathies of religion and nationality were surmounted. Gratitude exercised its sway over the people, and they received the heretics like brothers. As soon as these were in the country, they placed their counters every where, laid them out with the greatest art, and dispersed their goods, fashions, dresses, in every direction, in order that they might introduce themselves into the country without exciting attention. Their uniform was adopted in the army, with the exception of the sanguinary colour of their coats, to which that of the French uniform was preferred; Colombia had English newspapers to direct its political opinions, and British ships to protect its commerce.

‘The Colombians had met with a very generous reception at Jamaica; they there imbibed the English manners, and witnessing the opulence of that island, easily imagined what the English colossus must be.

‘The first sentiment of the patriotic travellers was admiration; the second, fear.

‘The English perceived it; they promised the Colombians, alarmed at the last revolution in Spain, to protect them, and to lend them their support and assistance. By way of obtaining the guarantee, the latter considered themselves too fortunate in abandoning to their benefactors all the revenues of the state, so that salt-mines, emeralds, pearls, steam-boats, and loans, were mutually interchanged by both parties.

‘These were not the kind of relations which the nation was desirous of establishing with Europe; all its wishes were with France: first, because it was under no pecuniary engagements with her, and, secondly, because it was much more intimately connected with her by language, literature, manners, customs, and especially, by religion.

‘The name most often pronounced by Spanish Americans is that of Rome. The clergy seems determined not to separate itself from the Romish church; but, should the papal indecision be still further prolonged, it may create an impatience among the priests, who have, for a long time, been expecting the bulls of nomination. (*Bulles d'institution.*)

‘The United States expected, from their proximity to the Colombian republic, to have held the first rank among the powers friendly to this new state; they have been strangely deceived; the English have made them range themselves after the new independent states, so that they find themselves nearly in the same degree of consideration as Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres.’ pp. 15—18.

The Writer adds, in a note to his observation on the religious antipathies between the Colombians, as Roman Catholics, and their English allies:

‘Besides, the English and the Americans of the United States, who every where (else) display so inveterate an animosity against



the ceremonies of the Catholic worship, assist at their celebration in Colombia with a punctuality and devotion equal to that of the most zealous Catholics.

The former part of this statement is, unhappily, not true: neither our military authorities nor our gentlemen absentees display this 'animosity,' or discover their Protestant principles in the way that could be wished. The latter part, we have no doubt, is a gross exaggeration of the fact; nevertheless, it must be presumed to be partially true, and deeply must it be regretted that any considerations of policy should lead to so debasing a compromise, involving at once meanness and hypocrisy. Captain Cochrane, however, says, that at Bogota 'few men attend the mass, unless they have some particular object in view, some "metal more attractive" than devotion.' At the approach of the host, 'the only people seen standing are foreigners, whom they do not compel to kneel, but who are obliged to take off their hats.' The Writer adds:—

'I have, however, seen a priest walking under the holy canopy, whose expression of countenance said, "You heretics, I would make you kneel if I dared;" and who seemed to mutter between his teeth, "These are the fruits of freedom and a patriotic revolution."'

So then, after all, the English are less complaisant there to the mummeries of the Romish idolatry, than British authorities in our own colonies! In Malta or in Corfu, that priest would have been satisfied with the state of things.

As a country, if not a desirable residence for an Englishman, either as respects the climate, the state of society, the religion, or the want of roads and every convenience of art—it is still full of interest and wonder, and to the philosophical traveller opens a boundless field of observation and discovery. Humboldt, the prince of travellers, in the volumes of his *Personal Narrative* already before the public, has made us acquainted with the eastern part of the Republic,—the coasts of Cumana and Caracas, the *Llanos* of Venezuela, and the shores of the Orinoco. Depons and Lavaysse had also supplied ample information with regard to the internal administration, commerce, and statistics of the captain-generalship of Caracas; and Mr. Semple's interesting "Sketch of the State of Caracas" contains a faithful and interesting description of the capital and the road to Valencia. Of New Granada, however, next to nothing was known, and we are indebted to the volumes now before us for a valuable accession to our topographical as well as political information.

Captain Cochrane, the son of Sir Alexander Cochrane, landed at Santa Marta, and ascended the Magdalena to Honda,

the port of Bogota. After spending some months in the capital, he crossed the Andes by the pass of Quindiu to Cartago, and finally descended the Atrato to Cartagena. The larger portion of his first volume is occupied with an historical sketch of the late Revolution, which will be very acceptable to his readers. The second work on our list appears anonymously, but its modest pretensions are more than justified by the value of the information which it contains. The Writer reached Bogota by a journey over land from Caracas, a distance of 1200 miles, and then descended the Magdalena to Santa Marta. The narrative of his journey is the more interesting, as it is the only account we have of that route. Colonel Hall's pamphlet is designed for the information of persons contemplating an emigration to Colombia. It is valuable chiefly on account of the geographical information, the itineraries, and the general observations which it comprises, but does not profess to give any topographical description. M. Mollien landed at Cartagena and reached Bogota by the usual route of the Magdalena; he thence made excursions to Socorro and Zipaquirá; and finally proceeding to Neyva, Popayan, and Cali, descended the Dagua to San Buenaventura on the shores of the Great Ocean, and took his passage thence for Panama. His volume is characteristically the production of a Frenchman,—lively, intelligent, and always entertaining, but sadly deficient in specific details, and evidently drawn up from recollection, more than from notes. The mere recollections of a traveller, however, can rarely be depended upon for accuracy. Thus, occasionally, M. Mollien gives us dates and distances, (the latter, we have reason to believe, frequently erroneous conjectures,) but there is no plan or consistency in this respect, and nothing can be collected, therefore, from the dates that are given. Then, like most French travellers, he is too fond of generalising and philosophizing. But, on the whole, the volume does him credit, and we are thankful for the additional information to be gleaned from it. Frenchmen make good travellers in one respect; nothing comes amiss to them. A scanty wardrobe and *maigre chère* will content their easy nature. Add to which, M. Mollien had travelled in Africa, had explored the kingdom of Cayor, the territory of the Bourb-Joloffs, of Bondou, and Fouta-Jallon, and explored the sources of the Senegal and the Gambia.\* Such a person could

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\* See, for a notice of his Travels in Africa, Eclectic Rev. N.S. Vol. xiv. p. 10.

not think much of the hardships and perils of a voyage up the Magdalena, or even of the terrific passes of the Andes. We have been not a little amused, indeed, with the concise account he gives of his travelling baggage on starting from Cartagena, as contrasted with the directions given by Captain Cochrane to his good-eating-loving countrymen.

‘According to the travelling custom of Spanish Americans,’ says M. Mollien, ‘I had provided myself with a kettle, a frying-pan, and all the utensils and provisions not procurable on the road. I had also one of those beds brought from Spain, generally esteemed so very convenient, from their being contained in a small trunk, easily carried by the beast of burden.’

Now for Captain Cochrane’s directions.

‘In order to travel in this country, it is necessary to have a small bedstead, so constructed as to be easily taken to pieces, with a *toldo* or covering of tolerably strong linen, or blue check, in order to keep out the mosquitoes and small sand-flies; the threads of a common mosquito-net, as used in Barbadoes, not being sufficiently close to keep the sand-flies from entering. The traveller should likewise procure two or three dresses of Holland sheeting, with feet of the same material, instead of stockings, the jacket loose, and buttoned to the throat. Two straw hats are necessary; the one for lying down in the canoe, the other for various occasions: both should have broad brims. Shoes of strong Holland with leather soles, are most easy and agreeable to the feet, and a pair of English shooting-shoes for landing in the mud. A saddle with holsters is requisite; a sword, dirk, pair of pocket pistols; a hammock to recline in during the day; two good mats, one to lie on in the canoe, the other fitted to the sacking of the bed, to prevent the mosquitoes from penetrating at night,—are amongst other needful precautions. All wine, tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, and salt, besides dried beef, hams, tongues, live fowls, eggs, and biscuits, with plenty of *tocino*, or cured pork, fat for frying eggs, should be laid in at this place, together with a sufficient stock of plaintains and dried salt meat for the *bogas*, who are fed, as well as paid by the traveller, and who, notwithstanding their abstemiousness at home, devour an astonishing quantity of provisions when living at the expense of others. The requisite cooking utensils are, a large copper chocolate-pot, a copper vessel for making soups, another for hashes and stews, a third flat one for frying eggs, two block-tin plates, three dishes, two tin cups for drinking, and a small tin measure for serving spirits to the *bogas*, who will not work well, without a dram each morning, of the anise of the country, of which a jar or two must be provided, so as to supply them throughout the journey. Knives, forks, spoons, and small duck table-cloths about a yard square, must not be forgotten.’ Vol. I. pp. 86—88.

With all these provident arrangements, however, a voyage of six or seven weeks up the Magdalena, in the miserable *pira-*



*guas* or *champans* (canoes or barges) of the country, slowly poled along against the current by the rascally *bogas*, scorched by the beams of a tropical sun by day, and kept waking by the mosquitoes at night,—to say nothing of the danger of being upset by the rapids, devoured by alligators in bathing, or bitten by serpents on landing,—this river-voyage is, we say, extremely unlike a trip to Leith or Boulogne in a trim yacht or well-provided steam-packet. The distance to be navigated, is only 160 leagues, which, in descending the river, may be accomplished with ease in seven days, while it takes from thirty to eight and forty days to reach Honda from the coast. Our mercurial Frenchman was not a little annoyed by this frightful navigation. The heat, the deep solitude that prevails on the unhealthy shores of the river, peopled for the most part only with jaguars, howling monkeys, parrots, and alligators, together with the black forms which are occasionally seen in the few scattered hamlets, or paddling their hollow trees, transported him in imagination to the Senegal. As to the poor inhabitants of the shore, ‘out of the ten plagues of Egypt,’ he says, ‘they have at least five; putrid water, ulcers, reptiles, large flies, and the death of their first-born,—for, in fact, they rear their children with great difficulty.’

‘On both sides of the Magdalena, a few isolated cottages constructed with reeds, and containing a sickly and feeble population composed of different races, are the sole asylums in these desolate regions. Thus, while, in Africa, the negroes congregate in small communities to defend themselves against the invasions of their neighbours,—in these countries, the inhabitants pass their days remote from one another; a few cows constituting their whole fortune, the wine of their palm-trees their sole consolation.’

If, dismayed at the perils of the navigation, the Traveller should determine on landing at La Guayra or Puerto Cabello, and taking the Valencia road, the distance is from 290 to 310 leagues (according to which port he starts from); and though it may be accomplished in between fifty and sixty days, and is therefore as short, in point of time, as the other route, it may be as well to forewarn him what sort of road he will have to travel in crossing the Andes. Some of the *paramos* (as the lower summits of the Andes are called) are much dreaded by the natives themselves, on account of the severity of the cold or rarity of the atmosphere on their summits. ‘They regard these spots,’ says the Author of “Letters from Colombia,” ‘with a respect almost amounting to awe.’ He travelled at a very favourable period, and suffered no other inconvenience than fatigue and chapped lips; but the dangers are not, he says, imaginary. In crossing the *paramo* of Almocadero, south of

Pamplona, many a traveller has perished, and lies buried on the summit. He saw human bones scattered about, and 'some hundred rude crosses erected by the passing traveller either to commemorate a friend who had been *emparamado*, (fallen a victim to the *paramo*), or as a grateful offering at his escaping the danger.' But Captain Cochrane gives an account of the passage of a division of the patriot army over the mountains separating the plains of Casanare from the province of Tunja, which is truly horrible.

'This force did not exceed fifteen hundred men, included in which, one hundred and fifty British were all that could be mustered capable of undertaking this march, out of the three hundred and fifty, of which the battalion was composed on its first arrival,—some few having dropped down dead on the line of march from mere exhaustion, and others having been rendered unserviceable by the bite of a fish called the carib, or raya, which tears off one or two pounds of the fleshy part of the thighs or calves of the legs of the soldiers, as they wade through the rivers in the plains; the army had upwards of a hundred men thus disabled in passing one very inconsiderable stream in which these fish abounded. Some were unable to proceed from enormous ulcers, which had carried away some of their toes, and which threatened others with the total loss of feet, or legs. These ulcers were brought on by general debility of body, from bad food, from jiggers, from having to march barefooted, sometimes whole days together, over plains covered with the sensitive plant, the thorns of which buried themselves in the soles of their feet; or from the feet and legs, after wading rivers, being exposed wet to the scorching heat of the sun. These persons were obliged to be left in the small villages through which the army occasionally passed. All were now barefooted, and almost naked, for few had more than a jacket and cap, and many were entirely without blankets; as they had, during the time the dysentery was upon them, either thrown away, or bartered for a little tobacco or perhaps water, all their spare necessaries, or had been robbed of them by their expert and necessitous companions. Thus, in four months, were these poor fellows reduced almost to the last state of misery, without even the consolation of having been of service to those whom they came to assist, not having as yet met the enemy; but, on the contrary, being despised and detested by their companions in arms as a useless burthen, or, as they expressed themselves, not worth the meat they consumed.

'But the cup of misery was not yet full; two-thirds of these last-named unfortunates were still doomed to witness the other third perish on one day's march, not in the field of honour, for which they had so long and so ardently wished, and even prayed, but, like frantic maniacs, on the summit of the Andes, on what is called by the natives the *Paramo* of Chisba. On this *Paramo* the air is so exceedingly rarefied, that it is very difficult to breathe, and those who are affected by it (or

*emparamados*) become benumbed, froth at the mouth, and lose their senses, tear out their hair, and bereft of every sense of feeling by degrees, ultimately die. The natives recommend eating sugar and drinking water in preference to spirits, on passing these places; and flagellation to those who shew symptoms of being affected, not letting them stop for an instant. Ignorance at the time of these remedies, and all except the flagellation being out of their power, fifty Englishmen, and two officers, and upwards of a hundred of the native troops, fell sacrifices, without the possibility of assistance being given to them. Out of five thousand horses and mules, there did not remain enough to transport the ammunition: which was obliged to be carried on the backs of Indians, natives of villages on either side the Paramo, who through custom were able to carry on their backs or heads, one hundred and fifty pounds weight, over these bad roads. The roads, (if the beds of small mountain streams or deep morasses may be so termed, for these were no other,) for several days before the army arrived at the Paramo, were literally strewed with, and in some places impeded by, dead, dying, tired, broken-backed, or broken-legged horses and mules, besides saddles, bridles, baggage, &c.; some of these poor animals having fallen alive down precipices, at the bottom of which there was neither food nor water, must have been starved to death. In short, the army appeared more like one flying, anxious only to preserve life, from a victorious and cruel enemy, than one on its march to attack more than three times its own number of well-disciplined and appointed troops.

‘Forty-three days had been spent in this wretched and harassing manner, under incessant rain, in passing those mountains, when they (being in all about nine hundred infantry and two hundred dismounted cavalry) at length entered the kingdom of New Grenada, where they found the enemy was preparing to receive them with three thousand infantry, six hundred cavalry, and two pieces of artillery; for at last he had been convinced that this miserable force had really come with the intention of invading his territory; and it must have been Divine Providence that kept him incredulous so long, for had he placed but a small part of his force at the foot of the Paramo, the patriots must have fallen an easy prey, as many, particularly the British, were obliged to leave their musquets to be brought in by the Indians, in order to save their lives. But how is it possible to describe the joy of these poor wretches on leaving the horrible mountains, and on entering the beautiful and fertile valleys of the province of Tunja. The very climate was changed, and had become an agreeable medium between the intense heat of the plains, and the bitter cold of the mountains. It had also ceased to rain. On every side, as they descended the last mountains, were to be seen little villages, with their corn-fields, potatoe fields, &c.;—it was in fact, to them an entrance into an earthly paradise.’

Vol. I. pp. 478—484.

The road from Honda to Bogota, though a distance of only twenty-two leagues, is a sufficiently formidable four day's



journey. The Author of the Letters from Colombia, who had journeyed from Caracas to Bogota, speaks of the road over the *paramo* of Cerradera as 'actually appalling.' You are

'constantly mounting or descending on a rough pavement torn up by the violence of the mountain torrent, and totally neglected since its first formation. The mules with the utmost difficulty keep their footing, having to jump from one mass to another at the imminent risk of the rider's neck ; or, on the other hand, where the road has not been paved, deep ruts are formed by the constant traffic in wet weather, in which, at every step, the animals are immersed up to their girths. As an *agrément de plus*, it rained incessantly for three hours during this stage ; and I was thrice unhorsed in descending, (the last time in a bog,) in consequence of having lost my crupper. There are some terrible passes between Caracas and Bogota, but none to compete with this road from the capital to the point of embarkation on the Magdalena, probably the most frequented in the country.'

The passage of the Quindiu is considered, however, as the most difficult in the Andes. Humboldt represents it as impracticable on mules. The usual mode of travelling is in a chair, strapped to the backs of the native porters (*cargueros*) or *men of burden*, who live by letting out their backs and loins to travellers on these occasions. Captain Cochrane, however, was advised to take a mule in preference : he did so, and repented of it.

'Almost immediately on leaving Ibague, we commenced ascending a mountain which overlooked the town to the south-west. I found the road particularly bad, being very steep, and so slippery, that the mules could scarcely keep their feet. To add to my comfort, on reaching a narrow pass, where the mountain rises perpendicularly on one side and a tremendous precipice is on the other, the owner of the mules, who had accompanied me thus far, exclaimed, "Ah ! Sir, here I lost a valuable mule the other day ; his foot slipped on this very spot, and falling down the precipice, he broke his neck." Fortunately for me, my mule shewed more sense, and carried me past in safety. The poor *cargueros* began to feel the fatigue of climbing the mountains, being frequently obliged to rest themselves ; but they said they should do better the next day, as the first day was always most trying to them. On either side of the road, I saw a number of red-haired monkeys leaping from tree to tree, who scrutinized us closely, but appeared very harmless.....

'As we ascended, I soon found the inconvenience of a mule, and the advantage of the *sillero*, as Malarino went on before me extremely well and quite dry ; whilst I was left behind, and, in a few minutes, had my feet wet, my mule being up to the girths in mud, and in momentary danger of stumbling or sticking fast in the mire. The road was originally formed by the Old Spaniards, about eight feet broad, with trees laid equally together and well secured, affording a

very good passage; but, in consequence of neglect, the mountain torrents have torn away the wood, which has not been repaired, and it has become in parts so bad and worn, that the present road is from twenty to thirty feet below the original level, with perpendicular sides, and so narrow, that I was frequently compelled to draw my feet from the stirrups, and lay them close to the ears of the mule, to prevent my knees being crushed by the banks on both sides. The muleteer was obliged to go in advance of the laden mule, to cut the banks with a kind of straight hoe, in order to make room for the animal to pass, although the baggage was laid as much on the back as possible. I cannot at all divine why my friend Losano advised me to use mules in crossing the mountains.

Cochrane, Vol. II. pp. 359—364.

Our Traveller was subsequently compelled to dismount, and walk great part of the way. In many places,

‘the declivities of the narrow passes were so perpendicular, that the mules, squatting on their hams, slid down twenty or thirty yards without a possibility of stopping themselves, and with imminent peril to the rider. Twice, in going down such a steep, the crupper of my saddle broke, and I slipped forward on my mule’s neck, only keeping my seat by dint of squeezing my knees tight against the jaws of the poor animal I bestrode, who had no time or power for kicking.’

In passing the edge of an abrupt precipice of about 1500 perpendicular feet, Captain Cochrane was shewn by his companion, the spot where a Spanish officer met his deserved fate, being *jerked out* of his chair by a *carguero*, whom he had ventured, with equal folly and cruelty, to ride *with spurs*. He had fastened on ‘an immense pair of mule spurs,’ and was incessantly darting the rowels into the bare flesh of his bearer, who in vain remonstrated with his persecutor, alleging his inability to quicken his pace. Even Indian patience may be exhausted, and being treated as a beast, the *sillero* (*chairman*) threw his rider; he then dashed off at full speed and escaped into the mountains. ‘When we reflect,’ remarks Humboldt, ‘on the enormous fatigue to which these miserable men are exposed, journeying eight or nine hours a-day over a mountainous country; when we know, that their backs are sometimes as raw as those of beasts of burden; that travellers have often the cruelty to leave them in the forests when they fall sick; that they earn by a journey from Ibague to Cartago, only twelve or fourteen piastres in from fifteen to twenty-five days; we are at a loss to conceive how this employment of a *carguero* should be eagerly embraced by all the robust young men who live at the foot of the mountains. The taste for a wandering life, the idea of a certain independence amid forests, leads them to prefer it to the sedentary and

monotonous labour of cities. The passage of the mountain of Quindiu is not the only part of South America which is traversed on the backs of men. The whole of the province of Antioquia is surrounded by mountains so difficult to pass, that they who dislike entrusting themselves to the skill of a bearer, and are not strong enough to travel on foot from Santa Fé de Antioquia to Bocca de Nares or Rio Samana, must relinquish all thoughts of leaving the country. I was acquainted with an inhabitant of this province so immensely bulky, that he had not met with more than two mulattoes capable of carrying him; and it would have been impossible for him to return home, if these two carriers had died while he was on the banks of the Magdalena, at Monpox or at Honda. The number of young men who undertake the employment of beasts of burden at Choco, Ibague, and Medellin, is so considerable, that we sometimes met a file of fifty or sixty. A few years ago, when a project was formed to make the passage from Nares to Antioquia passable for mules, the *cargueros* presented formal remonstrances against mending the road, and the Government was weak enough to yield to their clamours. The persons carried in a chair by a *carguero*, must remain several hours motionless and leaning backwards. The least motion is sufficient to throw down the carrier; and his fall would be so much the more dangerous, as the *carguero*, too confident in his skill, chooses the most rapid declivities, or crosses a torrent on a narrow and slippery trunk of a tree. These accidents are, however, rare; and those which happen must be attributed to the imprudence of travellers who, frightened at a false step of the *carguero*, leap down from their chairs.\*

Of the moral condition of the people of Colombia, it is but justice to say, that it is not so bad as might have been expected to result from the combined influence of a bad government, a bad religion, the existence of slavery, general ignorance, and a sanguinary revolution. M. Mollien is not disposed to flatter them.

'The Colombian,' he says, 'has but little vivacity in his features; his countenance is gloomy, melancholy, and without expression; it is indicative only of indolence, and the slowness of his motions proves that these signs are not deceitful; for he is perhaps only to be surpassed by his slave. Patience, therefore, is an indispensable quality for a stranger: the more pains he takes to accelerate the motions of a person with whom he has engaged in some enterprise, the less pro-



gress he will make ; and the consequence of his efforts may even be, in the end, to change into disgust the good will which was at first evinced. To hurry a Colombian is like waking *mal à propos* a man who is asleep. He detests action, except from caprice. To direct him, is impossible, and fatal to the person who attempts it. There is, however, a remarkable difference between the inhabitants of the plains and those of the mountains. Those of Caracas, in particular, seem to have vivacity and even self-conceit, when compared with the inhabitant of Bogota, who rather seems endowed with a fund of simplicity and good sense.

‘ Lying, jealousy, and ingratitude are the prevailing vices : every people has its own. That jealousy which the Spaniards are supposed to cherish toward their women, is not meant here : very few Americans feel it. Talent, sense, knowledge must be shewn by the stranger as little as possible.’ ‘ That pride which is the basis of the national character, is the source of the antipathy which many persons bear to foreigners, and which they dissemble under the most affectionate protestations.’ ‘ That delicacy which may be called the essence of probity, is far from being found among the Americans. In a great number of them, the traces of recent slavery are found, which prompt cunning and often bad faith, to acquire what cannot be obtained from the generosity and justice of the master. The less chaste conversation is, the more it pleases ; but the license must be in the thought, rather than in the expression.’

He gives the following portraits of the military leaders in the revolutionary contest.

‘ The management of his troops was the great art of Bolivar ; his partisans in their enthusiasm have compared him to Cæsar, but he much more nearly resembles Sertorius. Like him, he had to reduce a savage people to obedience, and to combat a powerful and experienced nation. The places of contest were nearly alike, for there were, in this portion of America, the same difficulties to surmount, in the badness of the roads and the height of the mountains, as existed in Spain in the time of Sertorius. Like him, Bolivar disconcerted his enemies by the rapidity of his marches, by the suddenness of his attacks, and by the celerity of his flights, which rendered it easy for him to repair his defeats at a distance. In the mountains, he displayed the same activity as in the plains, and set an example of sobriety and temperance to his troops, whose numbers he thus increased from those of a small band until they formed a powerful and irresistible army. If his military tactics were different from those of the Spaniards, his conduct was still more so. He knew how to gain the affections of mankind, by pardoning the vanquished and those who had deserted the cause of their country ; thus he increased their numbers. The priests even did not refuse him their prayers, for he respected their ministry, which had often been despised by the Spaniards, since their wars with the French ; and finally, by flattering the pride of the Americans, in constantly extolling their valour and

intelligence, he, by these encomiums, rendered the disdain with which the Spaniards treated them still more insupportable.' pp. 145, 6.

' Bolivar is forty-two years of age ; his military abilities and his political character have already been considered ; his disinterestedness is greatly extolled, his income being principally devoted to the payment of the pensions which he allows to the widows and children of the soldiers who have fallen in battle.

' Although his education had been much neglected, a residence of some length in Europe had given to him a taste for languages and history, in which he made a rapid progress. He has already been compared to Sertorius ; and, in fact, his manner of making war, his long marches to come up with his enemy, together with the quickness with which he traverses immense distances, give an idea rather of a bold partisan than of a general competent to the wielding of large masses ; two thousand more men would probably have embarrassed his plans.

' Nor is he supposed to possess more profound views in the art of governing. He has hitherto contented himself with founding a republic, which is but a bad imitation of that of the United States, and which he can only maintain by a standing army. This is chiefly composed of herdsmen, who followed him from the plains to the heights of Santa-Fè ; it is in this portion of his troops that he places his chief confidence, and as the greater part of them belong to the cast of mulattoes, he is obliged to pay them great attention and to conciliate them by frequent rewards.

' A happy chance has hitherto rendered him invulnerable ; his enemies, therefore, say that he possesses no courage ; but can this be the case with him who aspires to the supreme government ? He is not wanting in eloquence, for his speeches possess great warmth of sentiment, though they are often diffuse ; but this, it must be admitted, is a fault difficult to be avoided in the Spanish language.

' He married in early youth, in Spain, and a few years afterwards lost his wife, since which he appears determined to pass the remainder of his days as a widower. The possession of a throne has not yet tempted him. Miranda said, that America was not destined to be a republic ; and Bolivar does not think it calculated to become a kingdom worthy of vying with those of Europe.

' The title of Liberator, by which he distinguishes himself, is new in modern languages, and is synonymous with those of dictator and protector. His tyranny has not yet been complained of, and had he not now begun to exile the discontented, and to confiscate their property, the only thing he could have been reproached with would have been, that he has sometimes used reprisals in war.

' Santander was very young when he entered the army. Narino distinguished him, and made him lieutenant : he afterwards marched against this general with Barraña. When the Spaniards were in possession of Santa-Fè, he established himself in the plains of Meta, where he formed a band of three thousand men, with which he afterwards joined Bolivar ; a reinforcement which powerfully contributed towards gaining the battle of Boyaca. His well-known firmness gave

him a title to the vice-presidency, in which situation he has displayed the possession of such talents and merit as are seldom to be found.

‘ Sucre is not yet thirty years of age, and, like Santander, has acquired his distinctions by gaining a battle for Bolivar, namely, that of Pitchincha, which procured him the post of commandant-general of Quito.

‘ Urdanita, descended from a respectable family at Santa-Fè, has the merit of possessing much courage; he has been ill for some time, and seems to have retired from the service by accepting the presidency of the senate.

‘ Bermudes, fifty years of age, was born at Cumana, and entered early into the American revolution, in which he has acquired an influence which, though considerable, is not however equal to that of some of his companions in arms.

‘ A khan of Tartars, an Arabian sheik, has given the rudest shocks to the Spanish power in America.—The mulatto Paës, at the head of a few thousands of his savage lancers, has often defeated whole squadrons of disciplined troops; particularly the hussars of Ferdinand VII. This man, who, upon the banks of the Oronoko, might easily play the part of Artigas upon those of La Plata, remains faithful to Bolivar, whose generous conduct and affable manners have gained his attachment.

‘ Paës affects great luxury and particular politeness; yet, notwithstanding the vanity natural to a savage, he lives upon terms of perfect equality with his troops; when he is with them, their food, their games, and their exercises are his own. No one rides a horse better than he, or wields a lance with more dexterity, or attacks an enemy with more fury. He thus possesses absolute power over his undisciplined hordes, who, tractable towards a leader that sets them an example of courage, obey him with the submission of slaves. His fortune has been considerably augmented by numerous gifts, and thus Spain has been deprived of a man, who has become the terror of her troops.

‘ Montilla, the rival of the chief of the Llanos, formerly served in the body-guard in Spain, and expected to find in the revolution the means of improving his fortune. The influence he enjoys, appears dangerous in the eyes of the government; and, although he has been stationed at Carthagena, he is still too near to Caracas, where the persons of influence are desirous of opposing a chief to Bolivar, and would willingly choose Montilla: his manners are very prepossessing, and having been educated in Europe, he expresses himself with facility, an advantage not common to the majority of Colombians.

‘ He is accused of falsehood, and his reserve and apparent contradictions are considered as proofs of duplicity; but it is his ambition which fears discovery and endeavours to conceal itself. It is also known, that he has some causes of hatred which are rarely ever forgotten. He certainly must bear in mind, that Bolivar, in 1811, in a moment of passion, swore to shoot him if he could lay hold of him; and, confounding Miranda with the patriotic party, he will doubtless recollect, that this general had promised to expose him for twenty-four hours to public view in an iron cage.



• The mulatto Padilla is a general whose services have not been without advantage to American independence. This pilot of Carthagena, raised by the revolution to the command of a flotilla, contributed more than any one else to the capture of Carthagena from the Spaniards, and subsequently that of Maracaibo. Sacrificed at first to the party that Montilla wishes to defend, he has since been re-established with a fresh degree of importance; a circumstance which has produced great joy among the people of colour, who were not ignorant that the dispute between the two generals was a quarrel of colour.

• All these men, at present the subalterns of Bolivar, appear rather his equals than his lieutenants; but, after his death, or even after a defeat, it is possible they may put themselves at the head of the party that they have secured to their interests. It is in this particular that Bolivar will most resemble Alexander. Paës, with his negroes, will occupy the plains; Montilla, Caracas; Padilla, the coasts; and Sucre, Quito. Thus all depends upon the existence of Bolivar.'

pp. 152—158.

The assertion in the last sentence we are inclined to consider groundless. A sinister prediction of the same kind was thrown out respecting the probable consequences of Iturbide's fall in Mexico. We do not mean for a moment to compare Bolivar with Iturbide, but we do not believe that the stability of the Government at all depends on his existence. Colombia may have still to fear the effect of provincial jealousies. According to M. Mollien, the Venezuelans complain that the seat of government should be placed at Bogota, and the Bogotans complain that the employments and the money are all monopolized by the intriguing people of Venezuela. It was proposed by the first Congress, who assembled at Cucuta, to found a new capital on the site of that town, under the name of the *City of Bolivar*; but this project has been for the present abandoned, it being reserved for happier days to raise that magnificent monument of the national independence. It is easier, however, to found a city, than to create a capital. 'The only result of this ill-conceived project,' says M. Mollien, 'would be a solitary city like Washington: all life and energy would remain at Bogota.' Yet, in the event of the federal form of government being adopted, it may still be desirable to fix the meetings of Congress at some more central point, and to have a federal city; and Cucuta has the recommendations of a climate approaching to temperate, and a situation less liable than either Bogota, Caracas, or Merida, to be affected by earthquakes. In many respects, Merida would be the most advantageous capital. The situation is most delightful, and should it be found practicable to navigate the Lake of Mara-

caybo and the river Sulia by steam-boats, the communication with the coast will be easy and direct.

We are at present without the means of judging how far the above estimate of Bolivar's character is just; but there is at least some truth in it. He has committed many serious military errors; and it is as a disinterested patriot and a brave, noble-minded man, rather than as a great general, that he deserves his fame. Looking back to the opinions expressed respecting Bolivar and the cause, some few years ago, by the unfortunate British officers who engaged in the service of Colombia at the beginning of the contest, it is satisfactory to find that their auguries have proved false; and it is but reasonable to suppose, that their estimate of the general's character was a prejudiced and unjust one. We find Mr. Hippisley ('Colonel of the first Venezuelan hussars') pronouncing Bolivar 'unable either to plan, to command, to defend, or to retreat!' He represents him as not to be compared to Morillo, 'as a general or as an opponent in any military character whatever;' and 'the only point in which they can be compared,' he adds, 'is the *spirit* of revenge which each displays in the manner of butchering the unfortunate beings whom 'the vicissitudes of war put into their power.' The latter part of Mr. Hippisley's representation, he must have known to be unjust to Bolivar, who, in the few instances of dreadful retaliation to which he was driven by the cold-blooded butcheries of the royalist chief, was actuated less by a spirit of revenge, than by a wish to deter the enemy from such atrocious violation of every principle of humanity. The imputation here cast on Bolivar's personal character is, we verily believe, a calumny. In another place, the ex-colonel says: 'The aspiring Bolivar, if he lives, will look up for monarchical honours: he would be king of Venezuela and New Granada, and thus again enslave his country under a kingly despotism. The gallant Britons who aided him in the patriotic cause, would be viewed with the utmost suspicion, disgust, and jealousy; they would, I am afraid, be ordered from the shores of the Main, and sent adrift,' &c.

Again:—

'Bolivar would willingly ape the great man. He aspires to be a second Bonaparte in South America, without possessing a single talent for the duties of the field or the cabinet. He would be king of New Granada and Venezuela, without genius to command, consequence to secure, or abilities to support the elevated station to which his ambition most assuredly aspires. In victory, in transient prosperity, he is a tyrant, and displays the feelings and lit-

tleness of an upstart. He gives way to sudden resentment, and becomes, in a moment, a madman and (pardon the expression) a black-guard; throws himself into his hammock and utters curses and imprecations upon all around him of the most disgusting and diabolical nature. In defeat, in danger, in retreat, he is perplexed, harassed and contemptible even to himself—weighed down by disasters which he has neither skill nor strength of mind to encounter, to lighten, or to remove.\*

The strong feelings of personal irritation betrayed in this abusive language, manifestly disqualified the Writer for forming a fair estimate of the general's character. No doubt, Mr. Hippisley is a much cleverer man than Bolivar; but it is a pity that, when he laid down the sword, he should have taken up the pen of a libeller. Subsequent events have furnished the most expressive comment on this representation. In the same manner, and probably with equal fairness, has the character of San Martin been depreciated. Is it possible, that Bolivar should hold, by common consent, the distinguished station to which he has been elevated, when at one time he had both powerful rivals and personal enemies among those who are his present colleagues and supporters,—or that the whole country should with enthusiasm recognise his title of Liberator,—if he had no extraordinary qualities to command admiration? Very different is the portrait which Captain Cochrane draws of the Colombian President; and to his volumes we refer our readers for some interesting illustrations of his character. At the same time, we have already intimated our conviction, that, both as a general and as a statesman, Bolivar has displayed but moderate abilities. In the former respect, he is, perhaps, inferior to Paez; in the latter, to Santander. Associated with him in the Colombian government are men much his superiors, we apprehend, in intellectual qualities. General Narino, some time vice-president, and formerly the rival and opponent of Bolivar, is no more: he is said to have been a very able and accomplished man, though inclined to despotism. General Urdinata, the president of the Senate, is very popular, and stands a fair chance, we are told, of being one day president of the Republic. Señor Gual, the secretary for foreign affairs, and Señor Restrepo, the minister of the home department, are both considered as men of talent and education. The former has passed a considerable time in North America, and speaks the English language fluently. The latter is compiling a his-

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\* Hippisley's Narrative of the Expedition to the Rivers Orinoco and Apure. London, 1819. pp. 464, 524, 527.



tory of the Revolution: he is a native of Antioquia, as Santander is of Cucuta; so far is it from being true, that all the official stations are in the hands of the Venezuelans. Señor Castellós, the minister of finance, is described as an elderly man, who has read much, and still devotes much of his time to reading. Señors Gual and Castellós are two of the best speakers in the senate.

Whether the present form of government will or will not be permanently established in Colombia, is considered by Capt. Cochrane as questionable. The federal system, he conceives, would be much more likely to be durable than 'the present plan of centralism;' and he seems to consider a limited monarchy as better adapted to the larger mass of the population, than either form of republican government. Military men are generally inclined to the monarchical system; but it should be remembered, that a *limited* monarchy, admitting it to be, for argument's sake, the most perfect form of human government, (and we are not prepared to prove the negative of this proposition,) is precisely that which it would be the most difficult, not to say impossible, to establish in a half-civilized, half-organized country. The checks which should limit it, do not exist, and cannot be created by mere legislative provisions. There is, under such circumstances, no practicable medium between a republic and a despotism. Doubtless it were easier to govern a barbarous population by the sword, than by the laws; but, for all that, the law is a better sovereign than the sword, and one would rather live under President Monroe than the Emperor Alexander. Nations, as well as men, are influenced by example; and therefore, we do not think it likely that either the Colombians or the Mexicans will tread back their steps, and, with the example and prosperity of the United States before them, demand an emperor or a king. There is more to be said in favour of a federal constitution. The republic is too extensive, its parts are too widely separated, to admit of the present system being ultimately adhered to. Each department should at least have its judicial, if not its legislative body. This, indeed, is said to be in contemplation. That peculiar species of parochial judicature exercised by the *alcaldes*, which was introduced by the first conquerors, and which has become naturalized throughout Spanish America, it would be undesirable, perhaps, wholly to supersede. The internal arrangements of the country are far from being completed. It is proposed to divide the whole territory into ten departments, but seven only of these had been definitively arranged, when Captain Cochrane and M. Mollien left Colombia. These were the four maritime departments of Ori-

noco, Venezuela, Sulia, and Magdalena, comprising the whole northern and eastern coast, and the central departments of Boyaca,\* Cundinamarca and Cauca, including the greater part of New Granada. The provinces of Quito and of the Isthmus remained to be distributed; and indeed, the territorial boundaries towards Guatemala, are still indeterminate. Veragua, Quito, and Guayaquil will form most important departments. Possibly, the latter two may prefer to re-unite themselves to Peru, when a republican form of government shall have been fairly established in that country.

On the whole, the aspect which the Colombian Republic presents, is highly imposing and interesting. Dreadful has been the struggle, in which above half the inhabitants of Venezuela (the old captain-generalship of Caracas) are computed to have perished, and horrible the crimes and cruelties which have attended the progress of the revolution. But posterity will be infinitely the gainer. It was necessary that the very foundations of society in this misgoverned country should be laid afresh; and the destruction of human life has not been attended by any correspondent demolition of human happiness. In the struggle between the tyrant and the slave, it is not much that the latter can lose, or that the former can be pitied for losing. Slavery is now abolished in Colombia. The Spaniards emancipated and armed the slaves against their masters, and the first consequences proved fatal to themselves; the ultimate consequences are, the establishment of their rights and the impossibility of reducing them again to bondage. In this respect, much has been gained. M. Mollien pretends, that, whereas 'the province of New Granada, which contains very few blacks in comparison with the white population, voted for their enfranchisement, Venezuela, being overstocked with this mutinous people, demands that they should again be made slaves.' This may possibly be the wish of the planters of Cumana and Margarita, especially of those of his own countrymen who are settled there; but it obviously cannot be the wish of the Venezuelans generally, and for them to make such a demand, would be the height of insanity. In the

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\* M. Mollien (or his Translator) calls this department Bogota. It received its name in commemoration of the victory gained at Boyaca, not far from Tunja, the capital of the department. The province of Bogota is included in the department of Cundinamarca. We notice this blunder, because it has been unaccountably copied into the article *Colombia*, in the xivth part of the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*,—a work conducted with great ability.

valleys of Aragua, one of the finest parts of Caracas, a considerable time before the Revolution, free labour had begun to supersede in many quarters the less productive labour of slaves. Humboldt instances the noble example of Count Tovar, who, with the double view of rendering slaves less necessary to the landholders, and of furnishing the freed men with the opportunity of becoming farmers, on departing for Europe, parcelled out and let a part of his extensive estates to such poor families as chose to apply themselves to the cultivation of cotton. 'On his return to America,' says Humboldt, 'four years after, he found on this spot, then in fine cultivation, a little hamlet of thirty or forty houses, which is called *Punta Zamuro*. The inhabitants are almost all Mulattoes, Zamboes, or free Blacks. This example of letting out land, has happily been followed by several other great proprietors. The rent is ten piastres for a *vanega* of ground, and is paid either in money or in cotton. I love to dwell on these details of colonial industry, because they prove to the inhabitants of Europe, what to the enlightened inhabitants of the colonies has long ceased to be doubtful,—that *the continent of Spanish America can produce sugar and indigo by free hands, and that the unhappy slaves are capable of becoming peasants, farmers, and landholders.*'\*

The suppression of the smaller monastic establishments and the reduction of the overgrown power of a corrupt and licentious priesthood, are another important result of the Revolution. The religion of Spanish America was essentially, as it is in Spain itself, pagan,—undisguised idolatry,—image-worship of the grossest kind. It is still exclusively Roman Catholic; but the grosser idolatry will not stand the light that is breaking in, nor will the priesthood long find it their interest to uphold it. The Romish religion is all-accommodating. As it can become heathenish to please the heathen, so, it can become, under some circumstances, tolerant to please the tolerant, and all but Christian to gain the more pious and intelligent. It can dominate and destroy, as in Spain; play the demagogue and clamour for liberty as in Ireland; turn dotard at Rome; act the Jesuit in France; give away Bibles in Germany; and trade in bulls, absolutions, and wonder-working virgins in America. Improve the minds of the people, and the Romish religion, bad as it is, must improve also. The Inquisition has been abolished; monkery is going down; and miracles must soon go out of fashion.

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\* Personal Narrative, vol. iv. p. 127.



Commerce has ever been the handmaid of Christianity. It breaks down at once a thousand prejudices by the introduction of a new set of feelings towards those who were before regarded with distrust and animosity as aliens and heretics. It gives a new impulse to the whole machinery of society, creates new objects of interest, opens fresh channels for the introduction of knowledge, and lessens the self-importance of the individual by enlarging his wants. Civilization, which for three centuries has been stationary throughout South America, must now advance with rapid steps; Education is already widely extending her benefits; and in relation both to the improved facilities of intercourse and the removal of every moral obstacle, the time, we trust, approaches, when the valleys shall be exalted, and the mighty Andes themselves be made low, and the crooked ways be made straight, and the rugged places a plain, and the glory of the Lord be revealed to the long benighted tribes of that vast portion of the New World.

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Art. IV. *Practical Sermons*, by the late Rev. Joseph Milner, A.M. Vicar of the Holy Trinity Church, Kingston upon Hull. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 498. Price 12s. London. 1825.

**T**HE former two volumes of these valuable remains of their inestimable Author, appeared as long ago as 1804 and 1809, and were briefly noticed in the Old Series of our Journal\* as 'a valuable addition to our choice theology.' The sermons which they contain, were characterised as not, indeed, original, elegant, or profound,—as 'neither theological orations, nor academical essays, but the plain, animated effusions of a heart glowing with compassion for immortal souls, and under the conduct of an enlightened and well-regulated mind.' With this sentence, the opinion expressed by the Editor of the present volume, the Rev. Mr. Fawcett, in the preface, substantially coincides.

'As through the medium of several periodical works, it has been made known to the public, that the late Dean of Carlisle bequeathed his brother's MSS. to the Editor of the present volume, its appearance more than three years after the lamented death of that great man, may require explanation. Some may wonder that the publication has been so long deferred; while others may be disposed to ask, why, from a stock of sermons, out of which two

large volumes had been already selected, a third should now be produced.

'The fact is, that the Editor did not venture on this step without considerable hesitation. He was afraid lest, when his materials had been twice sifted, and each time what appeared the choicest taken away, he should not be able to furnish a volume equal in excellence to the former two, and at the same time affording a sufficient variety. These apprehensions he repeatedly expressed to friends who urged him to publish; and it was uniformly answered, that a volume of sermons from such a man as Joseph Milner must be acceptable, and must do good. To these representations he at length yielded; and the further he proceeded in his task, the more was he inclined to acquiesce in the judgement of those who made them.

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'The great beauty of Milner is, that no one can read a sermon of his, without being convinced that he is in earnest. In every page we see a preacher concerned only to vindicate the ways of God to men, and to save the souls of his hearers. Engrossed by this object, he loses sight of every other. He cannot stay to trim his sentences or round his periods, for he is aiming at the souls of his audience, and therefore has not leisure to consult their taste. Perhaps, he may have carried this inattention to words to an extreme; nor does the Editor wish to recommend his Author's method to general imitation. But, in the negligence of Milner, combined with his strong sense and deep piety, there is a dignity which more laboured compositions do not often reach. His appeals to the conscience, though rough, are in a high degree forcible; and there is often an exquisite tenderness, with a natural eloquence which at once makes its way to the heart.'

Now, it is sermons of this kind that we most particularly want, —that our literature is so deficient in, that our pulpits so rarely yield. The Author's method, if by this Mr. Fawcett means his skeleton or his mode of *handling* his text, we deem a matter of trivial consideration. The method most natural to the individual, is so far the best. And as to the precise cast of his sentences, which are often exquisitely colloquial, we admit that it would be as indiscreet to imitate them, as to copy the tones and gestures of a speaker, which is not imitation, but mimicry. But the style of these sermons generally, we think not unworthy of being studied as a model of fervent simplicity. Not unfrequently, with all its homeliness, it rises to a grace and a power beyond the reach of art. We have not the former volumes at hand, and cannot therefore pronounce on the comparative merit of the two and thirty sermons in the present volume: they are of course unequal, but some of them strike us as coming nearer, in true eloquence, in a certain fervour, and unction, and occasional pathos, to the



sermons of Leighton and others of our elder divines, than any modern compositions that we have met with. The sermon on which we first opened, (the 13th,) may be taken as a specimen. The text is, Prov. xvi. 20. "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."

' Simple recipe of happiness! How singularly divine is the Scripture! You might look over all the volumes of human philosophy, all the creeds and systems of all religions besides, and you would not find such a sentiment as this, "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." The Epicurean philosophers directed men to place their happiness in pleasure. The Stoic made the chief good of man to consist in virtue. But what did they mean by virtue? a proud self-confidence. They directed a man to remove his confidence from all other objects, and to fix it—where? on himself! To trust himself was the way to make him happy! Man was to be a sort of god to himself, and in the resources of his own mind to find his bliss! Ah! wretched plan of happiness! Who, that knows his own weakness and blindness, can trust in himself? It required a very unwarrantable insolence of pride to bring a man to place his happiness in his own resources. The Academics, and other sects of pagan philosophy, content themselves with disputing against all other opinions, and establish nothing certain or solid in their room: and Mahometans, Indian Bramins, Papists, Socinians, and all Christian formalists, in the account which they give of happiness, are all of one religion; they always send a man to self-dependence. Let a man attend to such and such things—ceremonies, morals, or something else, it matters not what it be, but let him depend on himself, and in the strength of his own mind, and for the merit of such and such good actions, he may work himself into happiness. So that, in this view, all religions and systems of morals may be reduced to one thing: to trust in a man's self for happiness is the simple point of all. And such a plan is what it may be expected man would fall into, since he fell from God. For what was it that brought about the fall of man, and the first sin in paradise? was it not self-dependence? Did not man cease to put his trust in God; set up for self, in the spirit of independence; and contrive to be happy by his own strength? We know he thence became to himself only a region of misery and desolation! We all naturally walk in this way: we trust to an arm of flesh: and all the religions, and plans to make men happy, which men have invented, are all constructed on this self-righteous principle.

' But, behold, superior and alone, in a singular light, stands the religion of God. It teaches, as in the text, to trust in the Lord: that man is happy who does so. What Solomon thus briefly expresses, is the substance of the Bible. Would you be happy? mark what the Lord saith. Happiness is a great word; oh, we all pant after it! Here it is: learn to trust in the Lord for it. And here you do nothing, you know nothing, you contrive nothing: you only know yourself wretched, and all that is vile and empty and helpless; and



you behold the Lord himself your supreme good; and you trust him as such; and as such you make him your own, when you trust him. It is not that you are called on to feel any happiness before you trust him, or to have any resources at all beforehand: only you trust him; and it rests with his veracity to make you happy.' pp. 188—190.

But it is the close of this sermon, which has struck us as so peculiarly impressive and beautiful.

'We have seen how the Christian's plan operates in producing happiness in this life. How it will do so in the world to come, though this be far more important than the other, yet you will not expect I should undertake with any accuracy to describe. God grant us the experience of it only, and we shall feel happiness overflowing: "for it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Yet I will try to give you a faint idea of what is meant by that inconceivably blissful saying, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

'What is the joy of the Lord? Conceive it thus. Let a man set aside from his thoughts, all worldly and carnal enjoyments, as not worthy to be mentioned here; let the pleasures of human society and human literature be also set aside, for they are far too low. Let him ascend in his ideas above the air and sky, up to what St. Paul calls the third heaven. Let him cease to gaze on the most beautiful and glorious works of God; he has greater things still in view. Let him forget also himself—that busy, proud, important thing, a man's self, which creates for us here such a world of woe—and let him hear the Lord speak; the Lord, through the channel and medium of human nature; I mean, the Lord Jesus: for the glory of God lightens heaven, but "the Lamb is the light thereof." Let him hear and see Jesus, not now in parables, types, and figures; not in the glass of the Scriptures, as here, by reflection; but the Lord himself let him see, as he is, in all his beauty and glory. While he sees, he shall be changed into his likeness, and, awaking after his likeness, he shall be "satisfied" with it. The Lord is love, and he sees this love, and learns to love, to be full of love, all over love, at the sight. And this is to enter into the joy of the Lord. In the Divine presence is fullness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures for ever. Thus happy, brethren, is, and for ever will be, he who trusts in the Lord. It is in a very particular manner that God gives happiness. He sells it not for our works, as all religions but that of the Scriptures teach; he gives it to poor sinners who trust him for it. Learn you, brethren, to trust him in Jesus; and, however imperfect your conceptions be of happiness, you shall certainly have it. Your ignorance will be no bar to your happiness. He who hath said, "He that trusteth in the Lord, happy is he," will surely make it good.' pp. 204, 5.

The ninth sermon, entitled 'Christ's kingdom not of this world,' places the subject in a most striking light in reference to the worldly spirit of Christian professors. It is a word in season, eminently adapted to be useful under the existing

circumstances of the Church, and we strongly recommend it to the attention of our readers. We give the concluding paragraphs.

'Ye who profess the doctrines and ways of the Lord Jesus, who see, and long in any measure to enjoy, what is meant by being drawn to Jesus; you see what a strong drawing there is the contrary way, from the spirit of the world. It is natural to us all: and Christ's kingdom will not at all mix with it. It is the most steady and the most common enemy in our day to the spirit of true religion. You should not go on complaining of it, and yet indulging it: you should count the cost, and give up the world entirely—in this sense, that it shall no longer govern you. I dare not promise you that the world will use you better if you do so; probably it will use you worse. Men of wide and convenient consciences, who make compliances without end, and shift and change, and always take care to be on the strongest side, and who have no ground of their own to stand on, may doubtless avoid many crosses; and though, such is the power of conscience, even those whom they strive to please cannot esteem them in their hearts like the real children of God, yet they will behave better to them, be fonder of their company, associate with them, and countenance them openly in the world, while they are ashamed of real Christians. It is great ignorance of human nature to suppose, that the better men are, the more friends they will have, and the more kindness they will receive in the world. On the contrary, men who live in the fear of God provoke the world by their example, by the testimony they are obliged to give against sin, and by thwarting the wicked in their unreasonable desires and pursuits. They *must* do this, even while they wish and act in the most charitable manner to all mankind. What is a little money, or present ease, or the good-will of bad men (even if rich and great), to them, compared with the law of rectitude and a good conscience? Hence, as the world prevails, and is stronger, it commonly happens that the best and wisest men suffer, and miscarry very often in their pursuits; and those who measure every thing by this world, think them fools; but they count the cost, and can patiently wait till the last judgment-day adjusts all accounts with equity.

'And so commonly is this the case, that even in Heathen countries, men of remarkable integrity, though great and wise men, have suffered very sorely in this world. I take notice of two particularly, Socrates and Cicero. I am not setting them up as Christians; far from it, they had essential defects in their plan; yet, compared with men of their generation, they were wise and honest men, and laid themselves out all their days to profit their country. Yet was the former put to death as a malefactor, and the latter was murdered; and he who betrayed him most basely, even Augustus Cæsar, lived to an old age in very great prosperity, flattered all his days, and courted and admired in the world. But time would fail to set forth the worldly disadvantages if you mean to serve God faithfully. Even these honest heathens in a degree suffered for righteousness' sake;



but look to your Divine Master, his Apostles, and his followers in all ages, "of whom the world was not worthy." Many are apt to think they can manage so dexterously as to serve Christ, and yet avoid persecution; but it is fixed: "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." In this, then, count the cost. You may be a sort of half-professor, and escape; but if you be a thorough honest Christian (though one of the most prudent men in the world, and having the most perfect dislike to real enthusiasm), you will be looked on as silly and weak; and the world, knowing nothing of Divine wisdom, will congratulate itself as being mistress of all true wisdom. Worldly men will have their day: the time is coming when they will appear the most contemptible in folly.

'Will you follow Christ on these terms? be content to be thought weak and simple, and meet with hard treatment, and patiently suffer for the truth's sake? Then get your minds well fortified with the subject this day spoken to. Think deeply of what is meant by Christ's kingdom being not of this world: for if you expect that by and by you shall live to see the Gospel uppermost, and its glory and grandeur prevailing in this world, you will be disappointed. Aim at right views of heavenly riches, of real spiritual blessings, of the solid excellency of true faith, of unshaken patience, of the love of Jesus Christ, and of the rest which remains for the people of God hereafter: of the crown of glory, which in the sight of all the world his people shall then wear; and of their never-ending solid felicity. These things, under God, will encourage you to proceed, and will prevent mistakes: you will be led to follow Christ, not in a sudden heat, but with deliberate judgment; and, as our Saviour recommends, having counted the cost. And the world will one day see, whether you or they have been the best calculators, and who are the solid and judicious persons, and to whom belongs the palm of wisdom. For now, O followers of Christ, who love him in sincerity, who abound in sanctified works, who honour God and do good to men in all that you do, doubtless your choice is that of wisdom itself. Divine wisdom enlightened you and disposed you to choose thus, and Divine grace will comfort and support you through all your trials. You see the world a cheat, a bubble, a phantom, a vapour. Oh! have but a little patience, and endure a little longer, and the bubble will burst and be no more. You have the satisfaction to carry the cross of Christ, and ere long shall share in his crown. You suffer with him, and soon shall reign with him. His blood alone gives you peace here, and his Spirit will conduct you safe into his heavenly everlasting mansions.' pp. 139—143.

The seventh sermon, though unexceptionable in point of sentiment, and containing some excellent remarks, is, we think, below the average style, and not marked by the Author's usual judiciousness. The third, on Mark ix. 49., is an attempt to explain and illustrate a very difficult text, in which the Writer follows Schleusner, Whitby, and Thomas Scott, in referring the words to the perpetuity of the sinner's punishment. We



confess that we are not satisfied with this exposition, and should not have made choice of a sermon founded on so doubtful an interpretation. Calvin's exposition refers the first member of the sentence to the righteous, not to the wicked: '*Quum de igne æterno locutus esset Christus, hortatur suos ex opposito, ut se potius Deo nunc offerant igne et sale condiendos, ut fiant sacræ victimæ, ne sibi peccatis suis ignem illum accersant qui nunquam extinguitur. Igne saliri impropria est locutio: sed quia salis et ignis eadem est purgandi et excoquendi natura, idem verbum utrique aptavit Christus.*'\* If this should not be thought unexceptionable, it will at least shew the difficulty of determining the precise import of the passage, which the parallel passages in St. Matthew's Gospel only serve to render more doubtful.

The second sermon is a very striking one, founded on Psalm xc. 12. We shall make room for one more citation.

'Ye gay and thoughtless ones of either sex, ye whose very life is in pleasure and dissipation, what think you of a death-bed—the passing-bell—the coffin—and the grave? Have I startled you? Do your hearts beat with fear and terror? Does the colour forsake your cheeks? and are you at this moment so taken up with the frightful images which the words I uttered suggested to you, that you are obliged to be grave a moment whether you will or not? O may the impression prove not the transient sensation of the animal spirits, but the abiding and salutary conviction of the heart, productive of a

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\* 'For, in the present state of things, he that will offer himself to the service of God, must expect to fall a sacrifice to the fire of persecution. As, therefore, every sacrifice is first prepared with salt, so, ye must first hold yourselves prepared by the salt of a spiritual life, to sacrifice all the honours and advantages of the world.' Such is Bp. Mann's exposition. Beausobre gives a similar explanation. This sentence does not, he says, refer to the verse immediately preceding, but to the precept in verse 43, &c. 'The afflictions and painful sacrifices which the practice of piety and the profession of true Christianity cost, are here compared to fire, and to a fire which, with respect to the soul, has the same virtue and use that salt has with respect to meats, namely, the prevention of corruption.' See D'Oyley and Mant's Fam. Bib. Perhaps, there is a tacit antithesis between the fire that is not quenched, spoken of in the preceding verse, and the fiery baptism to which ver. 49 refers, and by which every man (πᾶς) is to be purified. Griesbach mentions conjectural emendations of the text, but these it is always dangerous to admit; yet, it is possible that the occurrence of the word ἀλισθησεται in the second branch of the verse, may have led to its insertion in the former part instead of δοκιμασθησεται.

heaven-born repentance! Consider, fellow-creatures; these scenes would not be so terrible to you, did conscience bring in a verdict in your favour. Nay, were your hearts as they should be,—reconciled to the God who made you, and loving him above all things,—the things which I have mentioned would convey to you no terrible ideas; they would rather afford pleasure to you: for what dutiful child, who has for years been absent from his tender parent, does not long to return home to his kind embraces? So long the real children of God to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Surely, then, if you cannot bear to think of death, you cannot be the loving children of God. Good children have a pleasure in seeing their parent. You rather flee his presence, and would fain avoid him as an enemy. Like Adam fallen, you would gladly hide yourselves from the thought of God's approach, in the garden of sensual delights: for what means your flight from the thought of death, but that you hate to meet God as a Judge?

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‘Let, then, each one imagine himself on a death-bed, ready to take his last farewell of the objects of sense—the physician has given up the man—he looks to his dearest friends: they can sympathise with him, they cannot relieve him—he is full of pain and anguish: his relations can pity, they cannot console him—bring before him his bags of money; tell him of his lands and houses, his character and connections, his good sense and mental abilities—you grieve him to the soul, if you suppose these things are to administer any support to him. “What are they all to me,” if he can think soberly, he may say, “who am going to leave them all, and to appear before God to be judged by him!” He is just going to enter into the world of spirits, he is just closing his eyes on all that he holds dear on earth, he is just going to travel an untried road, to experience scenes utterly unknown to his senses,—scenes that will be important and durable for ever. Surely it must be some extraordinary support that must enable a man in these circumstances to rejoice and triumph. CHRISTIANITY says, Christ came to deliver men from the fear of death, that he has overcome him that had the power of death. The question then is, What is the way which the Gospel offers, whereby the man may rest his soul in peace in this alarming hour, and, what is more, may find after death that the peace was well-founded? Many, while in health and bodily vigour, maintain that the scheme of relief and safety is this: The man must have *sincere* obedience; and that this, though imperfect, together with the merits of Christ, will save him. Try we, then, the force of this doctrine now in the hour of death. I suppose the man sensible of his approaching dissolution, and of the important interests of futurity. Now is the time to apply the comfort of this doctrine to himself. How shall he know whether he has paid this sincere obedience? Is there a man in the world, as an excellent divine of our Church asks, that knows how to define what this sincere obedience is? no. Has any man stated accurately how far a man may go in obedience, and where he may with safety stop short of perfection? no. If it means something short of



perfection, knows any man how much short will suffice? no. Can any man tell what parts of the Divine law he may be allowed to neglect, and what parts he must observe? no. On the contrary, "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." ' pp. 25—27.

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' It remains, then, that we look out for other supports in death, and try the power of the real doctrines of the Gospel. May we so number our days, as to apply our hearts to real wisdom! In the midst of life we are in death; and therefore should each one even now put himself in the place of the dying man, and ask, "What must I do to be saved?" Paul answers, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.....He hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." There is a righteousness perfect and sure; he that believes on Jesus has it. While he remained, indeed, careless of death and judgment, he was content with the notion of being saved by doing his best; but when he began to apply the doctrine in real soul-concern, 'How do these matters stand with me?' he found no place whereon to rest his foot. 'What if this be not enough? what if I am not yet good enough?' was his constant suspicion. He laboured indeed to become better, but in his own apprehensions he grew worse and worse; the further he went, the more holy and extensive he found the law; and by experience he was so far from ever being able to gain sincere obedience, that he had not a grain of sincerity in his composition. He found he was, through the Fall, corrupt and abominable altogether. In this situation, gladly did he hear that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth;" and that "To him that worketh, is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt; but to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness." Gladly did he learn, under God, to believe this record for himself, and to find through his Surety a righteousness perfect and spotless. He now looks on death as a friend, and looks forward to God as his Father. He knows, with Paul, that "if this earthly tabernacle be dissolved, he has a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I say, he *knows*—nothing less than this assured knowledge can content a soul awakened like his.

' And, now, how fitted is this doctrine to answer the end of the Gospel in delivering men from the fear of death! He says, with Paul, "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Here is a rational foundation for joy and triumph in death. And why should he not be sure? God is faithful in his record, and there he trusts. He knows, indeed, that no man but he who is holy, and renewed in his mind, or born again, can enter into heaven. He who never felt in his soul such a work as this, may well be uneasy in death. But this man has felt it; and his hope maketh him not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in his heart



by the Holy Ghost. He dies, then, in peace, and is received to glory.' pp. 29—31.

This is preaching to the understandings of the simplest,—to the consciences and hearts of all. We know not how much these sermons gained or lost by the manner of their delivery, but we can hardly imagine them to have been heard without deep impression. We have no room for further extracts, but must refer to the sermons entitled, 'The Art of Contentment,' and 'Patience described,' as of high practical excellence. The historical sermons also are eminently instructive, particularly the 28th 'On the Danger of ungodly Connexions.' On the whole, we think the religious public are much indebted to the Editor of this posthumous volume. It must be borne in mind, that none of the sermons were written with the smallest view to publication: we are not sure that in this may not lie in part the secret of their peculiar excellence.

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Art. V. *The Itinerary of a Traveller in the Wilderness*, addressed to those who are performing the same Journey. By Mrs. Taylor of Ongar. f.cap. 8vo. Price 5s. 6d. London. 1825.

**T**HE enigmatical title of this little volume will puzzle a great many persons; but those for whose use this itinerary is designed, will know what wilderness is referred to. It is sent forth without preface; there is not even a table of contents; the name of the Writer, however, if not the title, will speak for itself and for the work. Its contents are twenty-eight papers, each having prefixed to it a text of Scripture as a motto; and they might have been correctly designated by the title of Meditations. The first is entitled Introduction. We shall give it entire.

' "The wilderness hath shut them in." Exod. xiv. 3.

' Why do I not repose beneath the soft shade of unwithering foliage, feasting on delicious fruits, and sipping pure draughts from the crystal brook that runs meandering by? Why am I urged forward, a traveller still, with all a traveller's privations and dangers? or why, if travel I must, have I not an even path, securely fenced on either side, and well provided with refreshments for the way-faring and the weary? Why is it thus? Ah! there is a tale, which, although often told, as often dies disregarded on the ear, and leaves individuals, however assenting to its general application, especially marvelling at their own lot. The paternal inheritance forfeited by their ancestors, for certain misdeeds which they had done, each one seems obstinately disposed to reclaim in his own right, although daily experience proves the inefficacy, as well as the criminality of

such endeavours; for a flaming sword now guards the entrance to these forfeited possessions, and there remains no alternative, but to travel onward through a dreary wilderness: yet with the sure prospect of a fairer inheritance beyond it, for those who pursue the direct road, however dangerous or toilsome the journey may prove.

‘Stranger, have you not long ere this found out that you are but a traveller, and a traveller too in a wilderness? and shall you marvel thereat? Shall you expect to find the ground you tread blessed, which for man’s sake is pronounced to be cursed, and which denies its increase but to the sweat of our brow? What fruit do you expect from the thorns and the thistles which spring up in your path? ‘Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?’ Yet, a creature pronounced to be of dust, and to that dust returning, presumes to take up his rest here as though it were his final destination! Behold them dancing around their idols of every shape, reared aloft in all directions, and exclaiming ‘Our mountain stands strong, we shall never be moved’—‘to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant.’ While others are standing at the door of their tents, murmuring against the Lord, and against his servants: or sitting beneath their withered gourds, exclaiming, ‘We do well to be angry’—‘our soul is weary because of the way.’ Some, too, anxiously waiting the accomplishment of a darling project or scheme, upbraid the slow progress of time, and impatiently count the tedious days and hours; unconscious how those fleeting days, those winged hours, curtail the short span of that life in which are concentrated all their hopes, and to which therefore they so fondly cling. Their views are bounded by the horizon of this wilderness, and beyond it they have no desire to pry, no ambition to explore: they feel themselves urged on from stage to stage; yet gladly would they retrace their steps and recommence their journey, whatever unknown perils may infest the path, and in full view of all its inevitable woes.

‘Into what an inhospitable region did the Sovereign Lord and Saviour of mankind descend, for the recovery of a lost and guilty world! Of all the tents spread abroad on the surface of this wilderness, it was amongst the meanest and the most humble that he obtained shelter; and oftentimes even these were closed against him, so that ‘he had not where to lay his head.’ Yet here he sojourned, till the arduous work which he came to perform was completed; that work, the design of which was ‘to turn men from their dumb idols, around which we behold them assembling, to serve the living God;’ to destroy the love of the world; to supply the place of the withered gourd, by a covert which shall effectually defend against every storm of adversity; to teach us to number our days, that instead of forgetting their speed, or wishing to live them over again, we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, and thereby wean our affections from this wilderness to which we are so fondly attached, and from which, with all its woes, we are so reluctant to depart; to fix our affections on things above, where this Divine benefactor, after all his toils and sufferings on our account, now lives, and where it is his will and

pleasure that the people of his love, whom he purchased at so dear a rate, should live also.

‘ Happy those children of his love who have learned the true character of this wilderness, through which they are at present doomed to travel, and who, instead of taking up their rest here, account themselves but pilgrims and strangers, seeking a better country. If any among the multitudes that we meet, these, and these only, are the people who can justly estimate the various events that befall them, who understand the true nature of prosperity and of adversity, and who, as far as they are able, smooth the path, and render it safe and pleasant to their fellow-travellers, as well as to those who shall hereafter follow their footsteps, in the way to the heavenly Canaan. Numberless are the perils and trials of this inhospitable wilderness, which cannot be averted by human foresight, or human skill ; but they are needlessly multiplied by those which mankind unnecessarily invent for each other. Let us not, fellow-traveller, add to the sad catalogue ; rather, in the hope of mitigating some of these evils, let us indulge such reflections as the scenes around may suggest, and thereby endeavour to regulate our future conduct, for the benefit of ourselves and the good of others.’

No. I. has for its motto, *Exod. xii. 30.* “ There was not a house in which there was not one dead.” Though by no means the most striking in the volume, it may be taken as a fair specimen.

‘ When the king of terrors has his commission to enter a dwelling, although it should not be that of a near relative or valued friend, the solemn event naturally diffuses an awe over our minds ; and at least impresses our spirits with a transient gloom : but if, ere this impression is erased, the stroke is repeated in another quarter, the lesson comes home with additional force and solemnity. At certain seasons, indeed, the grim tyrant is busied in his work of destruction : and then especially it is, that, with increasing solicitude, we watch his progress, not knowing at which of us his next stroke may be levelled : for when general sickness, the harbinger of death, extends its ravages from house to house, then it is that our dormant feelings are aroused, and mortal man feels himself to be, what in the midst of health, and life, and prosperity, he had almost forgotten that he was—a creature of dust, ready to crumble away, and mingle with his mother earth, at the summons of Him ‘ who sendeth man to destruction, and saith, Return, ye children of men.’

‘ But how can we adequately realize the terrors of that memorable night, when all the first-born of the devoted land of Egypt were cut off by the destroying angel ! In how many families were parent and child alike devoted to the common ruin ! The father, if unhappily the first-born of his house, must obey the imperious summons, along with that son who might have stood in the gap, to defend and protect his orphan brethren ; while many a mother, in the like case, must be torn from her tender charge, and descend with her first-born to the cold mansions of the dead ! At the birth of these devoted victims to di-



vine vengeance, how would the accustomed demonstrations of joy have been changed into mourning, and sackcloth, and ashes, had these awful events of futurity been disclosed to their view! Happy for them, happy for us, that they are kept concealed; and the traveller passes on, unconscious what enemy may be lurking in his path, awaiting its commission to attack him.

‘Oh! how far and how wide did this calamity extend; in what various directions did it cut in sunder, in one hour, the tenderest and the dearest ties of human life, extending its ravages even to the cattle in the field, and evincing to what a degree the whole creation groaneth under the bitter effects of man’s rebellion! ‘Oh! who can stand before God, when once he is angry!’ Surely the bereaved and mourning survivors might exclaim of that memorable night, ‘Let darkness seize upon it; let that night be solitary; let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none; neither let it see the dawning of the day.’ Such is the language of human woe; such the wailings of the bereaved. But to scenes like these happily, we are strangers; such midnight cries have not yet been permitted to disturb our tents, or add to the plagues of the wilderness. ‘Therefore we will sing of mercy; unto thee, O Lord, will we sing.’

‘And now, traveller, having paid the tribute due to suffering humanity, let us withdraw our attention from ancient Egypt’s mourning and depopulated land; and rather contemplate those scenes that more immediately obtrude on our notice in this desolate wilderness, and in which we are more deeply interested. Behold those tents of various structure and dimensions scattered over the plain; some of them barely sheltering their inmates from the stormy blast; some furnished with the comforts, others, with all the luxuries of life: they have so lengthened their cords, and strengthened their stakes, as seems to have set the stormy blast at defiance; while all the appendages of wealth and prosperity hover over them like gay pennons, fluttering in the wind. But should we not quicken our pace, were we told there were few of these tents in which there was not one dead? Should we not be anxious to escape the contagious atmosphere, while scarcely crediting the report. But has death indeed entered these habitations? We hear not the voice of mourning and of wailing; but ‘the voice of them that sing do we hear.’ And yet they are dead: for ‘those who live in pleasure, are dead while they live.’ ‘I know their works,’ says the great Searcher of hearts, ‘that they have a name, that they live and are *dead*.’ And O! how infinitely more terrific is this spiritual death, than that at which human nature stands appalled; yet of how comparatively few of the tents that are spread abroad can it be said, the inmates are all living souls! O! woeful scenes of disease and death! For the unrenowned sinner is also described as ‘full of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores.’ The whole head is sick; the whole heart is faint.’ Traveller, which is your tent? Who, and what are its inmates? is there but one dead among them? Who is that one? Let your heart respond to the solemn enquiry, and say, ‘Lord is it I?’ ‘Search me, O God, and try me, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and

lead me in the way everlasting.' But if happily there is reason to hope that 'you have passed from death unto life,' still it behoves you to examine strictly and anxiously your whole character and general deportment; whether it is in all respects in strict harmony with your profession. Are you conscious of filling up all the various duties of life, in each relation, giving to every one, according to his respective claims, 'good measure, heaped up and running over?' Not imagining, as too many are apt to do, that assiduity and zeal in one direction will compensate for languor and deficiency in another. If this should be the case, you resemble one who has a member paralysed, while the rest of his body remains vigorous and healthy. O! how many are seen halting and walking lamely, even in the way to Zion! The diamond, in whatever direction it is turned, appears equally brilliant, equally attractive, nor requires to be placed in a certain position to exhibit its matchless lustre: so should the Christian shine; and when the divine principle fully pervades the soul, thus uniformly will he reflect the light he receives from above. May this influence enter our dwellings, quickening each inmate, lest he sleep the sleep of death; and so operating, that all may not only have life, 'but have it more abundantly.' Blessed, thrice blessed, that earthly abode, where every inmate is spiritually, morally, and socially, alive.'

pp. 7—13.

We shall make room for one short extract more: it is the concluding paragraph of the last paper, the motto of which is, 1 Cor. ix. 27. "Lest, having preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away."

—'Verily, it was on earth that they had their reward.—Were our services to be rewarded according to their merits, this must be the sad expectation of every instructor, whether he teaches by the voice or by the press; especially if such endeavours were made upon the low principles of honour or emolument. It will be said to him at that day, 'Ye did it not unto me.' May a divine blessing attend these humble labours, then; however low may be their rank in literature. The Writer has done what she could; may the Saviour's blood wash away the guilt; may his righteousness cover every imperfection, and his grace accept the effort as a tribute of love to him. Then, while yet travelling, her heart shall rejoice amid the sorrows of the way, and contemplate with a gleam of hope, that distant Zion whose golden turrets glisten to the eyes of faith, and fill the pilgrim with hope, and almost with courage, even though Jordan rolls between him and the good land before him.'

There may easily be recognised, we think, in these papers, something like a *family* likeness to the more serious papers in "The Contributions of Q. Q." We do not mean that there is any apparent imitation;—it is a mere likeness of handwriting. And this coincidence must strike even the most uninterested reader as an affecting one, under the circumstances



attending the publication. If an air of sadness should appear to attach to this excellent volume,—if it seem to breathe too much of the wilderness, it proceeds from a sorrowful heart,—from the mother of the late Jane Taylor.

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Art. VI. *Tales of a Traveller*. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 2 vols. small 8vo. Price 16s. London, 1824.

**WE** are frequently unreasonable in our demands upon the writers who administer to our amusement. It is unfair, upon the appearance of a new production from a favourite author, to try it by the standard of our own expectations, rather than by the plan and the intention which he himself had in view when he undertook it. If the *Tales of a Traveller* have not the same delightful variety, nor so many of those happy transitions from grave to gay, that are the peculiar charm of this ingenious Writer's former productions, they will not, or, at least, ought not to abate one jot of the well-earned reputation of Mr. Irving,—of that reputation, we mean, which is weighed fairly with the merit by which it has been acquired, and in scales undisturbed by those capricious and fitful judgments to which all kinds of popularity are exposed.

Indeed, the *Tales of a Traveller* may be considered as a continuation of the *Sketch Book*. The same facility of touch, the same elegance, sustained without labour, and polished without art, may be traced in each. No author writes better English; and he is the solitary instance in which an American may read a salutary, though mortifying lesson to many of our native writers, in whose eyes Transatlantic literature is not likely to find much favour. The reason is, that he has courted and pursued our language in those haunts where it is alone to be found in full strength and perfection—the writings of our elder authors. Add to this, there is scarcely one (among those at least who write for our lighter hours) who is gifted with a more playful imagination; while, in the grave, insinuated humour which, in his hands, never loses its effect by being too ostentatiously displayed, but takes us constantly by surprise, and on occasions when it was least expected,—in this respect, he has not often been surpassed.

Yet, if we have been amused by the *Tales of a Traveller*, it is not because they are highly finished or skilfully contrived. With one or two exceptions, they seem all wanting in those satisfactory conclusions for which we pant so ardently, when our curiosity has been put to the rack, and our sympathies worked to a considerable fermentation. They often break off



suddenly, like those broken skeins of incident, of which our dreams are composed. They have a beginning, a middle, but no end. Such, however, is the power of our friend Crayon, that we are pleased even while we are disappointed, and follow him with delight through the different avenues of his story, though they 'lead to nothing.' It is, moreover, an undeniable proof of the talent and taste of the writer, that he has conferred upon sketches comparatively so light and unfinished, the full interest of more complete and systematic pictures. In this, the hand of a master stands revealed. 'Thus painters write their names at Co.' Natural feelings expressed in the language of nature, good sense imparted in the manner and tone of good sense, will always fascinate. Further than this, the aim of the Writer did not extend, as he tells us in his own amusing and lively way.

'As I know this to be a story-telling and a story-reading age, and that the world is fond of being taught by apologue, I have digested the instruction I would convey into a number of tales. They may not possess the power of amusement which the tales told by many of my contemporaries possess; but then I value myself on the sound moral which each of them contains. This may not be apparent at first, but the reader will be sure to find it out in the end. I am for curing the world by gentle alteratives, not by violent doses; indeed the patient should never be conscious that he is taking a dose. I have learnt this much from my experience under the hands of the worthy Hippocrates of Mentz.

'I am not, therefore, for those barefaced tales which carry their moral on the surface, staring one in the face; they are enough to deter the squeamish reader. On the contrary, I have often hid my moral from sight, and disguised it as much as possible by sweets and spices, so that while the simple reader is listening with open mouth to a ghost or a love story, he may have a bolus of sound morality popped down his throat, and be never the wiser for the fraud.

'As the public is apt to be curious about the sources from whence an author draws his stories, doubtless that it may know how far to put faith in them, I would observe, that the *Adventure of the German Student*, or rather the latter part of it, is founded on an anecdote related to me as existing somewhere in French; and, indeed, I have been told, since writing it, that an ingenious tale has been founded on it by an English writer; but I have never met with either the former or the latter in print. Some of the circumstances in the *Adventure of the Mysterious Picture*, and in the *Story of the Young Italian*, are vague recollections of anecdotes related to me some years since; but from what source derived I do not know. The *Adventure of the Young Painter among the banditti*, is taken almost entirely from an authentic narrative in manuscript.

'As to the other tales contained in this work, and, indeed, to my tales generally, I can make but one observation. I am an old tra-

veller. I have read somewhat, heard and seen more, and dreamt more than all. My brain is filled, therefore, with all kinds of odds and ends. In travelling, these heterogeneous matters have become shaken up in my mind, as the articles are apt to be in an ill-packed travelling-trunk; so that when I attempt to draw forth a fact, I cannot determine whether I have read, heard, or dreamt it; and I am always at a loss to know how much to believe of my own stories.'

The stories are many of them told by the guests of a fox-hunting Baronet, who kept bachelor's hall in jovial style in an ancient rook-haunted mansion. The dinner was prolonged, as is usual, after a hard day's sport, till a late hour; and a heavy winter-storm which set in towards the evening, rendered it necessary for them to take up their quarters, for the night, in the same house. The conversation turns upon ghosts. Of these, the adventure of My Uncle is one, and it provokingly breaks off just where it ought to have gone on. Our Author is, apparently, much enamoured of these experiments upon our love for the marvellous; for he seems to have had no other end in raising our curiosity, than suddenly to let it down to disappoint us. In the story of My Aunt, which follows, he practises the same joke.

We like 'the Bold Dragoon or the Adventure of My Grandfather,' much better. The genuine, quiet humour of the Author breaks forth in this 'rigmarole Irish romance,' as he justly calls it, amidst the wildest and absurdest of all incidents.

'My grandfather had been for some time absent from his room, and was returning, perfectly cool, when just as he reached the door, he heard a strange noise within. He paused and listened. It seemed as if some one were trying to hum a tune in defiance of the asthma. He recollected the report of the room being haunted; but he was no believer in ghosts, so he pushed the door gently open, and peeped in.

'Egad, gentlemen, there was a gambol carrying on within, enough to have astonished St. Anthony himself. By the light of the fire, he saw a pale weazen-faced fellow, in a long flannel gown and a tall white night-cap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire with a bellows under his arm by way of bag-pipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions, nodding his head, and bobbing about his tasselled night-cap.

'My grandfather thought this very odd and mighty presumptuous, and was about to demand what business he had to play his wind-instrument in another gentleman's quarters, when a new cause of astonishment met his eye. From the opposite side of the room, a long-backed, bandy-legged chair, covered with leather, and studded all over in a coxcombical fashion with little brass nails, got suddenly into

motion, thrust out first a claw foot, then a crooked arm, and at length, making a leg, slid gracefully up to an easy chair of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor.

‘The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his night-cap about like mad. By degrees, the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique, long-bodied chairs paired off in couples and led down a country dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary limb; while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the moveables got in motion; pirouetting, hands across, right and left, like so many devils; all except a great clothes press, which kept courtseying and courtseying, in a corner, like a dowager, in exquisite time to the music; being rather too corpulent to dance, or, perhaps, at a loss for a partner.

‘My grandfather concluded the latter to be the reason; so being, like a true Irishman, devoted to the sex, and at all times ready for a frolic, he bounced into the room, called to the musician to strike up Paddy O’Rafferty, capered up to the clothes-press, and seized upon two handles to lead her out:—when—whirr! the whole revel was at an end. The chairs, tables, tongs, and shovel, slunk in an instant as quietly into their places as if nothing had happened, and the musician vanished up the chimney, leaving the bellows behind him in his hurry. My grandfather found himself seated in the middle of the floor with the clothes-press dancing before him, and the two handles jerked off, and in his hands.

‘“Then, after all, this was a mere dream!” said the inquisitive gentleman.

‘“The d——a bit of a dream!” replied the Irishman. “There never was a truer fact in this world. Faith, I should have liked to see any man tell my grandfather it was a dream!”

‘Well, gentlemen, as the clothes-press was a mighty heavy body, and my grandfather likewise, particularly in rear, you may easily suppose that two such heavy bodies coming to the ground would make a bit of a noise. Faith, the whole mansion shook as though it had mistaken it for an earthquake. The whole garrison was alarmed. The landlord, who slept below, hurried up with a candle to inquire the cause, but, with all his haste, his daughter had arrived at the scene of uproar before him. The landlord was followed by the landlady, who was followed by the bouncing bar-maid, who was followed by the simpering chambermaids, all holding together, as well as they could, such garments as they had first laid hands on; but all in a terrible hurry to see what the deuce was to pay in the chamber of the bold dragoon.

‘My grandfather related the marvellous scene he had witnessed, and the broken handles of the prostrate clothes-press bore testimony to the fact. There was no contesting such evidence, particularly with a lad of my grandfather’s complexion, who seemed able to make good every word either with sword or shillelah. So the land-



lord scratched his head and looked silly, as he was apt to do when puzzled. The landlady scratched—no, she did not scratch her head, but she knit her brow, and did not seem half pleased with the explanation. But the landlady's daughter corroborated it by recollecting that the last person who had dwelt in that chamber was a famous juggler, who had died of St. Vitus's dance, and had no doubt infected all the furniture.

\* This set all things to rights, particularly when the chambermaids declared that they had all witnessed strange carryings on in that room; and as they declared this "upon their honours," there could not remain a doubt upon the subject."

The adventure of the German student is an interesting, though not altogether an original story. It is a case of intellectual disease produced by a secluded life and misdirected reading. The student (Wolfgang) was sent to Paris by way of remedy for the malady which was preying upon him, and arrived there at the breaking out of the revolution. He had a dream, which produced an extraordinary effect upon him. It was of a female face of great beauty, and it left such an impression on his heated and sublimated mind, as to pursue him day and night, and to become one of those fixed ideas which haunt the minds of melancholy men. Returning home late at night through some of the gloomy streets of old Paris, he came to the *Place de Grève*, where executions are performed. It was a stormy night, and the guillotine, which, during the reign of terror, stood always ready, had that very day been actively employed, and seemed 'waiting for fresh victims.' The rest of the tale must be related by the Author.

\* Wolfgang's heart sickened within him, and he was turning shuddering from the horrible engine, when he beheld a shadowy form, cowering as it were at the foot of the steps which led up to the scaffold. A succession of vivid flashes of lightning revealed it more distinctly. It was a female figure dressed in black. She was seated on one of the lower steps of the scaffold, leaning forward, her face hid in her lap, and her long dishevelled tresses hanging to the ground, streaming with the rain which fell in torrents. Wolfgang paused. There was something awful in this solitary monument of woe. The female had the appearance of being above the common order. He knew the times to be full of vicissitude, and that many a fair head, which had once been pillowed on down, now wandered houseless. Perhaps this was some poor mourner whom the dreadful axe had rendered desolate, and who sat here heart-broken on the strand of existence, from which all that was dear to her had been launched into eternity.

\* He approached, and addressed her in the accents of sympathy. She raised her head and gazed wildly at him. What was his astonishment at beholding, by the bright glare of the lightning, the

very face which had haunted him in his dreams. It was pale and disconsolate, but ravishingly beautiful.

'Trembling with violent and conflicting emotions, Wolfgang again accosted her. He spoke something of her being exposed at such an hour of the night, and to the fury of such a storm, and offered to conduct her to her friends. She pointed to the guillotine with a gesture of dreadful signification.

' "I have no friend on earth!" said she.

' "But you have a home," said Wolfgang.

' "Yes—in the grave!"

' The heart of the student melted at the words.

' "If a stranger dare make an offer," said he, "without danger of being misunderstood, I would offer my humble dwelling as a shelter; myself as a devoted friend. I am friendless myself in Paris, and a stranger in the land; but if my life could be of service, it is at your disposal, and should be sacrificed before harm or indignity should come to you."

' There was an honest earnestness in the young man's manner that had its effect. His foreign accent, too, was in his favour; it showed him not to be a hackneyed inhabitant of Paris. Indeed there is an eloquence in true enthusiasm that is not to be doubted. The homeless stranger confided herself implicitly to the protection of the student.

' He supported her faltering steps across the Pont Neuf, and by the place where the statue of Henry the Fourth had been overthrown by the populace. The storm had abated, and the thunder rumbled at a distance. All Paris was quiet; that great volcano of human passion slumbered for a while, to gather fresh strength for the next day's eruption. The student conducted his charge through the ancient streets of the *Pays Latin*, and by the dusky walls of the Sorbonne, to the great dingy hotel which he inhabited. The old portress who admitted them, stared with surprise at the unusual sight of the melancholy Wolfgang with a female companion.

' On entering his apartment, the student, for the first time, blushed at the scantiness and indifference of his dwelling. He had but one chamber—an old fashioned saloon—heavily carved, and fantastically furnished with the remains of former magnificence, for it was one of those hotels in the quarter of the Luxembourg palace which had once belonged to nobility. It was lumbered with books and papers, and all the usual apparatus of a student, and his bed stood in a recess at one end.

' When lights were brought, and Wolfgang had a better opportunity of contemplating the stranger, he was more than ever intoxicated by her beauty. Her face was pale, but of a dazzling fairness, set off by a profusion of raven hair, that hung clustering about it. Her eyes were large and brilliant, with a singular expression that approached almost to wildness. As far as her black dress permitted her shape to be seen, it was of perfect symmetry. Her whole appearance was highly striking, though she was dressed in the simplest

style. The only thing approaching to an ornament which she wore, was a broad black band round her neck, clasped by diamonds.

'The next morning the student left his bride sleeping, and sallied forth at an early hour to seek more spacious apartments, suitable to the change in his situation. When he returned, he found the stranger lying with her head hanging over the bed, and one arm thrown over it. He spoke to her, but received no reply. He advanced to awaken her from her uneasy posture. On taking her hand, it was cold—there was no pulsation—her face was pallid and ghastly.—In a word—she was a corpse.

'Horried and frantic he alarmed the house. A scene of confusion ensued. The police was summoned. As the officer of police entered the room, he started back on beholding the corpse.

'“Great heaven!” cried he, “how did this woman come here?”

'“Do you know any thing about her?” said Wolfgang, eagerly.

'“Do I?” exclaimed the police officer: “she was guillotined yesterday!”

'He stepped forward; undid the black collar round the neck of the corpse, and the head rolled on the floor!

'The student burst into a frenzy. “The fiend! the fiend has gained possession of me!” shrieked he: “I am lost for ever.”

'They tried to soothe him, but in vain. He was possessed with the frightful belief that an evil spirit had reanimated the dead body to ensnare him. He went distracted, and died in a mad-house.

'Here the old gentleman with the haunted head finished his narrative.

'“And is this really a fact?” said the inquisitive gentleman.

'“A fact not to be doubted,” replied the other. “I had it from the best authority. The student told it me himself. I saw him in a mad-house at Paris.”

The Mysterious Stranger and the Young Italian are powerfully written; but we were better pleased with Buckthorn and his friends, in the second part of the first volume. The Author exhibits some singular pictures of literary life; and here we must be allowed to remark, that although some of the caricatures may have had prototypes in real nature, yet, the finish of the pictures, and the grouping of the figures, must be the product of pure imagination. ‘The club of queer fellows’ is a misnomer. It should have been the club of dull fellows. In this sketch, the wonted powers of the Author evidently slumbered. Buckthorn is an entertaining companion. He is a true practical philosopher, who sees every thing on the right side, and ‘takes the buffets and rewards’ of the fickle goddess ‘with equal thanks.’

The strolling Manager in the second volume, is broad, good-humoured caricature; but the pictures of the Italian banditti who infest the road from Rome to Naples, in the



third part, are from the life. The incidents, we are convinced, are for the chief part authentic. The Painter's adventure is founded upon an incident that happened to an abbè in the family of Lucien Bonaparte, at a villa near Rome, and, if we mistake not, the Author took it from the interesting and able work of a female writer, called "*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*." The Painter was kidnapped by mistake for the Prince himself, from whom they expected a great ransom. He at last convinced them, that he was only an artist, and they lowered their demands to a comparatively trifling sum. While he was in this unpleasant captivity, and waiting for the return of the messenger, who had been despatched for the ransom, the following incident occurred, and it is exquisitely sketched.

' There were no signs yet of the messenger's return. I was preparing to resume my sketching, when the captain drew a quire of paper from his knapsack. "Come," said he, laughing, "you are a painter,—take my likeness. The leaves of your portfolio are small,—draw it on this." I gladly consented, for it was a study that seldom presents itself to a painter. I recollected that Salvator Rosa in his youth had voluntarily sojourned for a time among the banditti of Calabria, and had filled his mind with the savage scenery and savage associates by which he was surrounded. I seized my pencil with enthusiasm at the thought. I found the captain the most docile of subjects, and, after various shiftings of position, I placed him in an attitude to my mind.

' Picture to yourself a stern muscular figure, in fanciful bandit costume; with pistols and poniards in belt; his brawny neck bare; a handkerchief loosely thrown round it, and the two ends in front strung with rings of all kinds, the spoils of travellers; relics and medals hanging on his breast; his hat decorated with various coloured ribands; his vest and short breeches of bright colours and finely embroidered; his legs in buskins or leggins. Fancy him on a mountain height, among wild rocks and rugged oaks, leaning on his carbine, as if meditating some exploit; while far below are beheld villages and villas, the scenes of his maraudings, with the wide Campagna dimly extending in the distance.'

The scenery of the Abruzzi (the haunts of the robbers) and their modes of life, are subjects of very powerful description.

' I again took out my materials for drawing, and amused myself with sketching the magnificent prospect. It was now about noon, and every thing had sunk into repose, like the bandit that lay sleeping before me. The noontide stillness that reigned over these mountains, the vast landscape below, gleaming with distant towns, and dotted with various habitations and signs of life, yet all so silent, had a powerful effect upon my mind. The intermediate valleys, too, which lie among the mountains, have a peculiar air of solitude. Few

sounds are heard at mid-day to break the quiet of the scene. Sometimes the whistle of a solitary muleteer, lagging with his lazy animal along the road which winds through the centre of the valley; sometimes the faint piping of a shepherd's reed from the side of the mountain, or sometimes the bell of an ass slowly pacing along, followed by a monk with bare feet, and bare, shining head, and carrying provisions to his convent.

I had continued to sketch for some time among my sleeping companions, when at length I saw the captain of the band approaching, followed by a peasant leading a mule, on which was a well-filled sack. I at first apprehended that this was some new prey fallen into the hands of the robbers; but the contented look of the peasant soon relieved me, and I was rejoiced to hear that it was our promised repast. The brigands now came running from the three sides of the mountain, having the quick scent of vultures. Every one busied himself in unloading the mule, and relieving the sack of its contents.

The first thing that made its appearance was an enormous ham, of a colour and plumpness that would have inspired the pencil of Teniers; it was followed by a large cheese, a bag of boiled chesnuts, a little barrel of wine, and a quantity of good household bread. Every thing was arranged on the grass with a degree of symmetry; and the captain, presenting me his knife, requested me to help myself. We all seated ourselves round the viands, and nothing was heard for a time but the sound of vigorous mastication, or the gurgling of the barrel of wine as it revolved briskly about the circle. My long fasting, and the mountain air and exercise, had given me a keen appetite; and never did repast appear to me more excellent and picturesque.

From time to time, one of the band was despatched to keep a look-out upon the plain. No enemy was at hand, and the dinner was undisturbed. The peasant received nearly three times the value of his provisions, and set off down the mountain highly satisfied with his bargain. I felt invigorated by the hearty meal I had made, and notwithstanding that the wound I had received the evening before was painful, yet I could not but feel extremely interested and gratified by the singular scenes continually presented to me. Every thing was picturesque about these wild beings and their haunts. Their bivouacs; their groups on guard; their indolent noontide repose on the mountain-brow; their rude repast on the herbage among rocks and trees; every thing presented a study for a painter; but it was towards the approach of evening that I felt the highest enthusiasm awakened.

The setting sun, declining beyond the vast Campagna, shed its rich yellow beams on the woody summit of the Abruzzi. Several mountains crowned with snow shone brilliantly in the distance, contrasting their brightness with others, which, thrown into shade, assumed deep tints of purple and violet. As the evening advanced, the landscape darkened into a sterner character. The immense solitude around; the wild mountains broken into rocks and precipices,

intermingled with vast oaks, corks, and chesnuts; and the groupes of banditti in the fore-ground, reminded me of the savage scenes of *Salvator Rosa*.' Vol. II. pp. 181—184.

There is some excellent Dutch painting in the fourth part of the work. The Money-diggers is quite in the Teniers style, a style in which the Author is singularly happy. On the whole, these volumes have yielded us considerable entertainment; and those who take no pleasure in invidious comparisons between the last and the former productions of the writer, and who will consent to be carried along without cheating themselves of a great portion of rational amusement, by mingling with the sensations excited by the *Tales of a Traveller*, the recollections of what they felt on the perusal of the earlier productions of Geoffrey Crayon,—by those, in fact, who have not sate down to the perusal with unreasonable expectations, which it is no sin in him not to have gratified; they will be welcomed as an agreeable accession to the stock of light reading. Mr. Crayon's great excellence lies in serving up a variety of dishes to please a variety of tastes. There is tenderness for the sentimental, and (for humour and sensibility are seldom far distant from each other in the human bosom) force and caricature for those who are inclined to be innocently merry. Sometimes, indeed, the Writer stoops to cater for grosser palates. If, as a writer of Tales, Mr. Irving is surpassed by the great Northern Enchanter, it is in a department to which he does not affect to belong. Yet, he sometimes reminds us of the style and manner of that artist; particularly in local and sentimental description, and in that lively transmission of sensations and impressions, which not only brings before us a picturesque and faithful picture of the scene described, but raises at the same moment, the feelings which it is calculated to inspire. We regret that we cannot dismiss these volumes, however, with an unqualified sentence of commendation. In his former works, Mr. Irving was apparently studious to avoid any thing bordering on either coarseness or profaneness. We know not whether it is because he thinks worse of the public, or because he is *worsened* by his travels, that, in the present volumes, he displays a levity, and sometimes stoops to a vulgarity, which must pain a serious, and disgust a delicate mind. If Mr. Irving believes in the existence of Tom Walker's master, we can scarcely conceive how he can so earnestly jest about him: at all events, we would counsel him to beware how he conjures in that name, lest his own spells should prove fatal to him.



Art. VII. *Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq. F.R.S. Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II.* Comprising his Diary from 1659 to 1669, deciphered by the Rev. John Smith, A.B. of St. John's College, Cambridge, from the Original Short-hand MS. in the Pepysian Library, and a Selection from his private Correspondence. Edited by Richard, Lord Braybrooke. 2 vols. 4to. Price 6l. 6s. London, 1825.

THE Public are indebted, we suspect, for these memoirs, to the favourable reception given to the Evelyn papers. Pepys was not an Evelyn in any respect. He was a man of far inferior talents and of much less admirable character; but he seems to have been a simple-minded man, and his diary, though it would not have been worth printing in the year 1700, will be read with interest in 1825. The Diary commences with the year 1659-60, when Mr. Pepys was twenty-seven years of age. After being regularly kept for ten years, it is suddenly brought to a conclusion, owing to the weak state of Mr. Pepys's eyes, which precluded him from continuing or resuming the occupation. The original forms six volumes closely written in short-hand, and was bequeathed by him, together with a valuable collection of books and prints, to Magdalene College, Cambridge. It had remained there, it seems, unexamined, till the appointment of the present Master, brother to the noble Editor, under whose auspices the MS. was deciphered with a view to its publication.

'My Brother's time,' says his Lordship, 'being too much engrossed by more important duties to admit of his editing the work, the task of preparing it for the press was undertaken by me at his request.'

'As Mr. Pepys was in the habit of recording the most trifling occurrences of his life, it became absolutely necessary to curtail the MS. materially, and in many instances to condense the matter; but the greatest care has been taken to preserve the original meaning, without making a single addition, excepting where, from the short-hand being defective, some alteration appeared absolutely necessary. It may be objected by those who are not aware how little is known, from authentic sources, of the History of the Stage about the period of the Restoration, that the notices of theatrical performances occur too frequently; but, as many of the incidents recorded, connected with this subject, are not to be met with elsewhere, I thought myself justified in retaining them, at the risk of fatiguing those readers who have no taste for the concerns of the Drama. The general details may also, in some instances, even in their abridged form, be considered as too minute; nor is it an easy task, in an undertaking of this sort, to please every body's taste; my principal study, however, in making the selection has been, to omit nothing of public interest, and to introduce, at the same time, a great variety of other topics,

less important, perhaps, but tending in some degree to illustrate the manners and habits of the age.' pp. vi, vii.

The pains which Lord Braybrooke has taken in editing the Journal, are manifest from the foot-notes, and we are certainly not inclined to complain, on the whole, of the manner in which he has discharged his task; but, waiving the insipid and wearisome notices relating to the theatrical performances, we cannot conceive that either the manners or the habits of the age are much illustrated by such memoranda as the following.

'Oct. 2. At Will's I met with Mr. Spicer; and went with him to the Abbey to see them at vespers. There I found but a thin congregation.' p. 76.

'Feb. 2. Home; where I found the parson and his wife gone. And by-and-by the rest of the company very well pleased, and I too; it being the last dinner I intend to make a great while.' p. 93.

'Feb. 27. I called for a dish of fish, which we had for dinner, it being the first day of Lent; and I do intend to try whether I can keep it or no.'

'Feb. 28. Notwithstanding my resolution, yet, for want of other victuals, I did eat flesh this Lent, but am resolved to eat as little as I can.' p. 96.

'June 26. Mr. Nicholson, my old fellow-student at Magdalene, come, and we played three or four things upon the violin and basse.' p. 149.

'Sep. 17. Some discourse of the Queen's being very sick, if not dead, &c.'

The memorandum which follows this last entry, is more amusing.

'Sep. 19. Waked with a very high wind, and said to my wife, "I pray God I hear not of the death of any great person, *this wind is so high!*" fearing that the Queene might be dead.'

Mr. Pepys, it must be remembered, was afterwards President of the Royal Society. Was this the philosophy of the age?

But, although we think that the noble Editor would have laid the public under still greater obligations, had he used his discretion with somewhat less reserve, in curtailing and condensing the contents of this Diary, we have derived too much amusement from its multifarious contents, to quarrel even with the bulk of these unwieldy tomes. We shall now proceed to lay before our readers some copious extracts of a more interesting nature, which, as the price of the volumes renders them hardly accessible to a large class of readers, will, we apprehend, be not unacceptable. We must first, however, give the outline of the Author's personal history.

Samuel Pepys was born in 1632. His father was a citizen of London, and followed the trade of a tailor till about the year 1660, when he came into some property on the death of an elder brother, and retired into Huntingdonshire. Samuel was educated at St. Paul's school, from which he went to Cambridge, having obtained a scholarship on Dr. Smith's foundation. Four years after, being now twenty-three, he married a young lady aged fifteen, who had just quitted a convent. As 'she brought her husband no fortune, it is unnecessary to say more,' remarks the Editor, 'upon the imprudence of the alliance:' it was evidently a love match. About this period, however, young Pepys became a *protégé* of his relative, Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Sandwich, and was received into his family, in what precise capacity does not appear,—probably as private secretary, for in March 1658, he accompanied Sir Edward upon his expedition to the Sound. On his return, he had a clerkship given him in the Army pay-office. Shortly after, he obtained the appointment of secretary to the two generals of the fleet; and soon after the Restoration, while his patron was rewarded with an earldom, Mr. Pepys was nominated Clerk of the Acts of the Navy. In 1664, he was made secretary to the commissioners for managing the affairs of Tangier, and surveyor-general of the victualling department, which last office he subsequently resigned. In January 1673, he was returned member of parliament for Castle Rising on the Government interest, but had nearly lost his seat, on the petition of the unsuccessful candidate, owing to his being suspected of being 'a papist or popishly inclined.' In 1673, he was appointed secretary to the Navy. In 1769, he was committed to the Tower, with Sir Anthony Deane, under the Speaker's warrant, on a charge of secretly corresponding with the French Government; but the depositions on which the charge was founded, appear to have been false and malicious. They were never brought to trial, and, after a nine month's imprisonment, were discharged. In 1683, he received the king's command to accompany Lord Dartmouth in the expedition against Tangier. On his return, he was re-instated in the office of secretary to the Navy, which he continued to fill during the remainder of the reign of Charles II. and the whole of that of his successor. In 1684, he was raised to the office of President of the Royal Society, which he filled for two years. In 1700, he found it necessary, from his advanced age, to retire from the fatigues and labours of public life, and after a lingering illness, he expired in 1706, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Besides these offices and honours, Mr. Pepys was master of



the Cloth-workers' company, and 'a standing governor of all 'the principal houses of charity in and about London.' He assisted, as one of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, at the coronation of James II. He appears to have been, in fact, a regularly trained, faithful, and laborious official drudge, who rose into estimation and importance by his application and integrity—in those times, virtues of no mean value. But these labours never so far absorbed him as to prevent his entering into the gayeties of that licentious age. As he advanced in years, however, he appears to have 'turned his mind more earnestly to serious thoughts, and devoutly prepared for the change that awaited him. Nor could the example of the 'virtuous Evelyn,' remarks his Biographer, 'whose friendship and society he had so long enjoyed, and cultivated to the last moments of his life, have been useless or unprofitable in this particular.' This brief sketch will enable our readers to understand and appreciate the observations and reflections which occur in the Diary.

The Journal opens with the following Memorandum.

'1659-60. Blessed be God, at the end of the last year I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold. I lived in Axe-yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other in family than us three.

'The condition of the state was thus: viz. the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert, was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the Army all forced to yield. Lawson lies still in the river, and Monk is with his army in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come into the Parliament, nor is it expected that he will, without being forced to it. The new Common Council of the City do speak very high; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer, to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full Parliament, which is at present the desires, and the hopes, and the expectations of all. Twenty-two of the old secluded members having been at the House-door the last week to demand entrance, but it was denied them; and it is believed that neither they nor the people will be satisfied till the House be filled. My own private condition very handsome, and esteemed rich, but indeed very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office, which at present is somewhat certain.' pp. 1, 2.

The following anecdote is curious: it occurs under Jan. 9, of the same year.

'Among other things, W. Simmons told me how his uncle Scobell was on Saturday last called to the bar, for entering in the journal of the House, for the year 1653, these words: "This day His Excellence the Lord G. Cromwell dissolved this House;" which words the Parliament voted a forgery, and demanded of him how they came to be entered. He said that they were his own hand-writing, and that

he did it by rights of his office, and the practice of his predecessor; and that the intent of the practice was, to let posterity know how such and such a Parliament was dissolved, whether by the command of the King, or by their own neglect, as the last House of Lords was; and that to this end, he had said and writ that it was dissolved by his Excellence the Lord G.; and that for the word dissolved, he never at the time did hear of any other term: and desired pardon if he would not dare to make a word himself, what it was six years after, before they came themselves to call it an interruption; that they were so little satisfied with this answer, that they did chuse a committee to report to the House, whether this crime of Mr. Scobell's did come within the act of indemnity or no. Thence into the Hall, where I heard for certain that Monk was coming to London, and that Bradshaw's lodgings were preparing for him. I heard Sir H. Vane was this day voted out of the House, and to sit no more there; and that he would retire himself to his house at Raby, as also all the rest of the nine officers that had their commissions formerly taken away from them, were commanded to their furthest houses from London during the pleasure of the Parliament.' pp. 4, 5.

To this succeed a series of references to the agitation produced by the proceedings of Monk. Under Feb. 10, Mr. Pepys writes,

' Mr. Fage told me what Monk had done in the City, how he had pulled down the most part of the gates and chains that they could break down, and that he was now gone back to White Hall. The City look mighty blank, and cannot tell what in the world to do; the Parliament having this day ordered that the Common-council sit no more, but that new ones be chosen according to what qualifications they shall give them.

' 11th. I heard the news of a letter from Monk, who was now gone into the City again, and did resolve to stand for the sudden filling up of the House, and it was very strange how the countenance of men in the Hall was all changed with joy in half an hour's time. So I went up to the lobby, where I saw the Speaker reading of the letter; and after it was read, Sir A. Haselrigge came out very angry, and Billing standing at the door, took him by the arm, and cried, "Thou man, will thy beast carry thee no longer? thou must fall!" We took coach for the City to Guildhall, where the Hall was full of people expecting Monk and Lord Mayor to come thither, and all very joyfull. Met Monk coming out of the chamber where he had been with the Mayor and Aldermen, but such a shout I never heard in all my life, crying out "God bless your Excellence" Here I met with Mr. Lock, and took him to an ale-house: when we were come together, he told us the substance of the letter that went from Monk to the Parliament; wherein after complaints that he and his officers were put upon such offices against the City as they could not do with any content or honour, it states, that there are many members now in the House that were of the late tyrannical Committee o

**Safety.** That Lambert and Vane are now in town, contrary to the vote of Parliament. That many in the House do press for new oaths to be put upon men; whereas we have more cause to be sorry for the many oaths that we have already taken and broken. That the late petition of the fanatique people presented by Barebone, for the imposing of an oath upon all sorts of people, was received by the House with thanks. That therefore he did desire that all writs for filling up of the House be issued by Friday next, and that in the mean time, he would retire into the City and only leave them guards for the security of the House and Council. The occasion of this was the order that he had last night to go into the City and disarm them, and take away their charter; whereby he and his officers said, that the House had a mind to put them upon things that should make them odious; and so it would be in their power to do what they would with them. We were told that the Parliament had sent Scott and Robinson to Monk this afternoon, but he would not hear them. And that the Mayor and Aldermen had offered their own houses for himself and his officers; and that his soldiers would lack for nothing. And indeed I saw many people give the soldiers drink and money, and all along the streets cried, "God bless them," and extraordinary good words. Hence we went to a merchant's house hard by, where I saw Sir Nich. Crisp, and so we went to the Star Tavern, (Monk being then at Benson's.) In Cheapside there was a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was every where to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan' and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty-one fires. In King-street seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps. There being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side.'

' April 1. 1660. This morning comes Mr. Ed. Pickering, he tells me that the king will come in, but that Monk did resolve to have the doing of it himself, or else to hinder it.'

' Oct. 7. 1660. (Lord's Day.) To Whitehall on foot, calling at my father's to change my long black cloake for a short one (long cloakes being now quite out); but he being gone to church, I could not get one. I heard Dr. Spurstow preach before the king a poor dry sermon; but a very good anthem of Capt'n. Cooke's afterwards. To my Lord's and dined with him: he all dinner-time talking French to me, and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's daughter with child, and that she do lay it to him, and that for certain he did promise her marriage, and had signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her



cabinett. And that the king would have him to marry her, but that he will not. So that the thing is very bad for the Duke, and them all; but my Lord do make light of it, as a thing that he believes is not a new thing for the Duke to do abroad. After dinner to the Abbey, where I heard them read the church service, but very ridiculously.'

' — 20. I dined with my Lord and Lady; he was very merry, and did talk very high how he would have a French cooke, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear black patches; which methought was strange, but he is become a perfect courtier: and among other things, my Lady saying that she could get a good merchant for her daughter Jem., he answered, that he would rather see her with a pedlar's pack at her back: so she married a gentleman, than she should marry a citizen.'

' 1660—1. Jan. 3. To the Theatre, where was acted "Beggar's Bush," it being very well done: and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage.'

' Aug. 4. To church, and had a good plain sermon. At our coming in, the country people all rose with so much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins, "Right worshipfull and dearly beloved" to us. To church again, and, after supper, to talk about publique matters, wherein Roger Pepys told me how basely things have been carried in Parliament by the young men, that did labour to oppose all things that were moved by serious men. That they are the most profane swearing fellows that ever he heard in his life, which makes him think that they will spoil all, and bring things into a warr again if they can.'

' — 31. At Court things are in very ill condition, there being so much emulation, poverty, and vices of drinking, swearing, and loose amours, that I know not what will be the end of it, but confusion. And the clergy so high, that all people that I meet with do protest against their practice. In short, I see no content or satisfaction any where, in any one sort of people. The Benevolence proves so little, and an occasion of so much discontent every where, that it had better it had never been set up. I think to subscribe 20l.'

' May 31. 1662. The Queene is brought a few days since to Hampton Court, and all people say of her to be a very fine and handsome lady, and very discreet, and that the King is pleased enough with her: which, I fear, will put Madam Castlemaine's nose out of joynt. The Court is wholly now at Hampton. A peace with Argier is lately made, which is also good news. My Lord Sandwich is lately come with the Queene from sea, very well and in good repute. The Act for Uniformity is lately printed, which, it is thought, will make mad work among the Presbyterian ministers. People of all sides are very much discontented; some thinking themselves used, contrary to promise, too hardly: and the other, that they are not rewarded so much as they expected by the King.'

' June 14. About 11 o'clock, having a room got ready for us, we all went out to the Tower-hill; and there, over against the scaffold, made on purpose this day, saw Sir Henry Vane brought. A very great press of people. He made a long speech, many times inter-

rupted by the Sheriffe and others there; and they would have taken his paper out of his hand, but he would not let it go. But they caused all the books of those that writ after him to be given the Sheriffe; and the trumpets were brought under the scaffold, that he might not be heard. Then he prayed, and so fitted himself, and received the blow: but the scaffold was so crowded, that we could not see it done. But Boreman, who had been upon the scaffold, told us, that first he began to speak of the irregular proceeding against him; that he was, against Magna Charta, denied to have his exceptions against the indictment allowed; and that there he was stopped by the Sheriffe. Then he drew out his paper of notes, and begun to tell them first his life; that he was born a gentleman; he had been, till he was seventeen years old, a good fellow, but then it pleased God to lay a foundation of grace in his heart, by which he was persuaded, against his worldly interest, to leave all preferment and go abroad, where he might serve God with more freedom. Then he was called home, and made a member of the Long Parliament; where he never did, to this day, any thing against his conscience, but all for the glory of God. Here he would have given them an account of the proceedings of the Long Parliament, but they so often interrupted him, that at last he was forced to give over: and so fell into prayer for England in generall, then for the churches in England, and then for the City of London: and so fitted himself for the block, and received the blow. He had a blister, or issue, upon his neck, which he desired them not to hurt: he changed not his colour or speech to the last, but died justifying himself and the cause he had stood for; and spoke very confidently of his being presently at the right hand of Christ; and in all things appeared the most resolved man that ever died in that manner, and shewed more of heate than cowardize, but yet with all humility and gravity. One asked him why he did not pray for the King. He answered, "You shall see I can pray for the King: I pray God bless him!" The King had given his body to his friends; and, therefore, he told them that he hoped they would be civil to his body when dead; and desired they would let him die like a gentleman and a Christian, and not crowded and pressed as he was."

pp. 146, 7.

'June 30th. This I take to be as bad a juncture as I ever observed. The King and his new Queene minding their pleasures at Hampton Court. All people discontented; some that the King do not gratify them enough; and the others, Fanatiques of all sorts, that the King do take away their liberty of conscience; and the height of the Bishops, who I fear will ruin all again. They do much cry up the manner of Sir. H. Vane's death, and he deserves it. Much clamour against the chimney-money; and the people say, they will not pay it without force. And in the mean time, like to have war abroad; and Portugall to assist, when we have not money to pay for any ordinary layings-out at home.' p. 151.

'Aug. 17th. This being the last Sunday that the Presbyterians are to preach, unless they read the new Common Prayer and renounce the Covenant, I had a mind to hear Dr. Bates's farewell ser-

mon; and walked to St. Dunstan's, where, it not being seven o'clock yet, the doors were not open: and so I walked an hour in the Temple-garden. At eight o'clock I went, and crowded in at a back door among others, the church being half-full almost before any doors were open publicly: and so got into the gallery, beside the pulpit, and heard very well. His text was, "Now the God of Peace ——" the last Hebrews, and the 20th verse: he making a very good sermon, and very little reflections in it to any thing of the times. To Madam Turner's, and dined with her. She had heard Parson Herring take his leave; tho' he, by reading so much of the Common Prayer as he did, hath cast himself out of the good opinion of both sides. After dinner to St. Dunstan's again; and the church quite crowded before I come, which was just at one o'clock; but I got into the gallery again, but stood in a crowd. He pursued his text again very well; and only at the conclusion told us, after this manner: "I do believe that many of you do expect that I should say something to you in reference to the time, this being the last time that possibly I may appear here. You know it is not my manner to speak any thing in the pulpit that is extraneous to my text and business; yet this I shall say, that it is not my opinion, fashion, or humour that keeps me from complying with what is required of us; but something after much prayer, discourse, and study yet remains unsatisfied, and commands me herein. Wherefore, if it is my unhappiness not to receive such an illumination as should direct me to do otherwise, I know no reason why men should not pardon me in this world, as I am confident that God will pardon me for it in the next." And so he concluded. Parson Herring read a psalm and chapters before sermon; and one was the chapter in the Acts, where the story of Ananias and Sapphira is. And after he had done, says he, "This is just the case of England at present. God he bids us to preach, and men bid us not to preach; and if we do, we are to be imprisoned and further punished. All that I can say to it is, that I beg your prayers, and the prayers of all good Christians, for us." This was all the exposition he made of the chapter in these very words, and no more. I was much pleased with Bates's manner of bringing in the Lord's Prayer after his own: thus, "In whose comprehensive words we sum up all our imperfect desires: saying, 'Our Father,' &c. I hear most of the Presbyters took their leaves to-day, and that the City is much dissatisfied with it. I pray God keep peace among men in their rooms, or else all will fly a-pieces; for bad ones will not go down with the City." pp. 158, 9.

'1663. May 15. After dinner, I went up to Sir Thomas Crewe, who lies there not very well in his head, being troubled with vapours and fits of dizziness: and there I sat talking with him all the afternoon upon the unhappy posture of things at this time; that the King do mind nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sight or thoughts of business. If any of the sober counsellors give him good advice, and move him in any thing that is to his good and honour, the other part, which are his counsellors of pleasure, take him when he is with my Lady Castlemaine, and in a humour of delight, and then persuade



him that he ought not to hear nor listen to the advice of those old dotards or counsellors that were heretofore his enemies: when, God knows! it is they that now-a-days do most study his honour. It seems the present favourites now are my Lord Bristol, Duke of Buckingham, Sir H. Bennet, my Lord Ashley, and Sir Charles Barkeley; who, among them, have cast my Lord Chancellor upon his back, past ever getting up again; there being now little for him to do, and he waits at Court attending to speak to the King as others do; which I pray God may prove of good effects, for it is feared it will be the same with my Lord Treasurer shortly. But strange to hear how my Lord Ashley, by my Lord Bristol's means, (he being brought over to the Catholique party against the Bishops, whom he hates to the death, and publicly rails against them; not that he is become a Catholique, but merely opposes the Bishops; and yet, for aught I hear, the Bishop of London keeps as great with the King as ever,) is got into favour, so much that, being a man of great business and yet of pleasure, and drolling too, he, it is thought, will be made Lord Treasurer upon the death or removal of the good old man. My Lord Albemarle, I hear, do bear through and bustle among them, and will not be removed from the King's good opinion and favour, though none of the Cabinett; but yet he is envied enough. It is made very doubtful whether the King do not intend the making of the Duke of Monmouth legitimate; but surely the Commons of England will never do it, nor the Duke of York suffer it, whose Lady I am told is very troublesome to him by her jealousy. No care is observed to be taken of the main chance, either for maintaining of trade or opposing of factions, which, God knows, are ready to break out, if any of them (which God forbid!) should dare to begin; the King and every man about him minding so much their pleasures or profits. My Lord Hinchinbroke, I am told, hath had a mischance to kill his boy by his birding-piece going off as he was a-fowling. The gun was charged with small shot, and hit the boy in the face and about the temples, and he lived four days. In Scotland, it seems, for all the news-books tell us every week that they are all so quiet, and every thing in the Church settled, the old woman had like to have killed, the other day, the Bishop of Galloway, and not half the churches of the whole kingdom conform.' pp. 218—220.

' Aug. 9. To church, and heard Mr. Mills (who is lately returned out of the country, and it seems was fetched in by many of the parishioners with great state) preach upon the authority of the ministers upon these words, "We are therefore ambassadors of Christ." Wherein, among other high expressions, he said, that such a learned man used to say, that if the minister of the word and an angell should meet him together, he would salute the minister first; which methought was a little too high.'

Nov. 9. Mr. Blackburne and I fell to talk of many things, wherein he was very open to me: first, in that of religion, he makes it greater matter of prudence for the King and Council to suffer liberty of conscience; and imputes the loss of Hungary to the Turke from the Emperor's denying them this liberty of their religion. He says

that many pious ministers of the word of God, some thousands of them, do now beg their bread; and told me how highly the present clergy do carry themselves every where, so as that they are hated and laughed at by every body; among other things, for their excommunications, which they send upon the least occasions almost that can be. And I am convinced in my judgement, not only from his discourse, but my thoughts in general, that the present clergy will never heartily go down with the generality of the commons of England: they have been so used to liberty and freedom, and they are so acquainted with the pride and debauchery of the present clergy. He did give me many stories of the affronts which the clergy receive in all places of England from the gentry and ordinary persons of the parish. He do tell me what the City thinks of General Monk, as of a most perfidious man that hath betrayed every body, and the King also; who, as he thinks, and his party, and so I have heard other good friends of the King say, it might have been better for the King to have had his hands a little bound for the present, than be forced to bring such a crew of poor people about him, and be liable to satisfy the demands of every one of them. He told me that to his knowledge, (being present at every meeting at the Treaty at the Isle of Wight,) that the old King did confess himself over-ruled and convinced in his judgement against the Bishoppes, and would have suffered and did agree to exclude the services out of the churches, nay his own chapell; and that he did always say, that this he did not by force, for that he would never abate one inch by any violence; but what he did was out of his reason and judgement. He tells me that the King by name, with all his dignities, is prayed for by them that they call Fanatiques, as heartily and powerfully as in any of the other churches that are thought better: and that, let the King think what he will, it is them that must help him in the day of warr. For so generally they are the most substantiall sort of people, and the soberest; and did desire me to observe it to my Lord Sandwich, among other things, that of all the old army now, you cannot see a man begging about the streets; but what? You shall have this captain turned a shoemaker: the lieutenant, a baker; this a brewer; that a haberdasher: this common soldier, a porter; and every man in his apron and frock, &c. as if they never had done any thing else: whereas the other go with their belts and swords, swearing, and cursing, and stealing: running into people's houses, by force oftentimes, to carry away something; and this is the difference between the temper of one and the other; and concludes (and I think with some reason,) that the spirits of the old parliament soldiers are so quiet and contented with God's providences, that the King is safer from any evil meant him by them one thousand times more than from his own discontented Cavalier. And then to the publick management of business: it is done, as he observes, so loosely and so carelessly, that the kingdom can never be happy with it, every man looking after himself, and his own lust and luxury; and that half of what money the parliament gives the King is not so much as gathered. And to the purpose he told me how the Bellamys (who had some of the Northern counties assigned them for

their debt for the petty warrant victualling) have often complained to him that they cannot get it collected, for that nobody minds, or if they do, they won't pay it in. Whereas, (which is a very remarkable thing,) he hath been told by some of the Treasurers at Warr here of late, to whom the most of the 120,000*l.* monthly was paid, that for most months the payments were gathered so duly, that they seldom had so much or more than 40*s.* or the like, short in the whole collection; whereas now the very Commissioners for Assessments and other public payments are such persons, and those that they choose in the country so like themselves, that from top to bottom there is not a man carefull of any thing, or if he be, is not solvent; that what between the beggar and the knave, the King is abused the best part of all his revenue. We then talked of the Navy, and of Sir W. Pen's rise to be a general. He told me he was always a conceited man, and one that would put the best side outward, but that it was his pretence of sanctity that brought him into play. Lawson, and Portman, and the fifth-monarchy men, among whom he was a great brother, importuned that he might be general; and it was pleasant to see how Blackburne himself did act it, how when the Commissioners of the Admiralty would enquire of the captains and admirals of such and such men, how they would with a sigh and casting up of the eyes say, "such a man fears the Lord," or, "I hope such a man hath the Spirit of God." But he tells me that there was a cruel articing against Pen after one fight, for cowardice, in putting himself within a coyle of cables, of which he had much ado to acquit himself: and by great friends did it, not without remains of guilt, but that his brethren had a mind to pass it by, and Sir H. Vane did advise him to search his heart, and see whether this fault or a greater sin was not the occasion of this so great tryall. And he tells me, that what Pen gives out about Cromwell's sending and entreating him to go to Jamaica, is very false; he knows the contrary: besides, the Protector never was a man that needed to send for any man, especially such a one as he, twice. He tells me that the business of Jamaica did miscarry absolutely by his pride, and that when he was in the Tower he would cry like a child. And that just upon the turne, when Monk was come from the North to the City, and did begin to think of bringing in the King, Pen was then turned Quaker. That Lawson was never counted any thing but only a seaman, and a stout man, but a false man, and that now he appears the greatest hypocrite in the world. And Pen the same. He tells me that it is much talked of, that the King intends to legitimate the Duke of Monmouth; and that neither he, nor his friends of his persuasion, have any hopes of getting their consciences at liberty but by God Almighty's turning of the King's heart, which they expect, and are resolved to live and die in quiet hopes of it; but never to repine, or act any thing more than by prayers towards it. And that not only himself but all of them have, and are willing at any time to take the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy. Mr. Blackburne observed further to me, some certain notice that he had of the present plot so much talked of; that he was told by Mr. Rushworth, how one Captain Oates, a great dis-



coverer, did employ several to bring and seduce others into a plot, and that one of his agents met with one that would not listen to him, nor conceal what he had offered him, but so detected the trepan. He also did much insist upon the cowardice and corruption of the King's guards and militia.'

' 1664. March 25. To Whitehall, and there to chapel; where it was most infinite full to hear Dr. Critton. The Dr. preached upon the thirty-first of Jeremy, and the twenty-first and twenty-second verses, about a woman compassing a man; meaning the Virgin conceiving and bearing our Saviour. It was the worst sermon I ever heard him make, I must confess; and yet it was good, and in two places very bitter, advising the King to do as the Emperor Severus did, to hang up a Presbyter John (a short coat and a long gowne interchangeably) in all the Courts of England. But the story of Severus was pretty, that he hanged up forty Senators before the Senate-house, and then made a speech presently to the Senate in praise of his own lenity; and then decreed that never any senator after that time should suffer in the same manner without consent of the Senate: which he compared to the proceeding of the Long Parliament against my Lord Strafford. He said the greatest part of the lay magistrates in England were Puritans, and would not do justice; and the Bishops' powers were so taken away and lessened, that they could not exercise the power they ought. He told the King and the ladies, plainly speaking of death and of the skulls and bones of dead men and women, how there is no difference; that nobody could tell that of the great Marius or Alexander from a pyoneer; nor, for all the pains the ladies take with their faces, he that should look in a charnel-house could not distinguish which was Cleopatra's, or fair Rosamond's, or Jane Shore's.'

' 1668. July 6. The Duchesse of Richmond sworn last week of the Queene's bed-chamber, and the King minding little else but what he used to do—about his women.

' — Dec. 2. Abroad with my wife the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. *So she and I to the King's play-house*, and there saw the Usurper; a pretty good play in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly.'

The next day, we find him abroad with his wife again, to the Duke of York's play-house.

' And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife in a coach of our own to a play, and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world; at least, greater than ever I could, or my friends for me, have once expected; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived in my memory, but my cousin Pepys in Salisbury Court.'

With this characteristic burst of simple-hearted self-gratulation, we must close our extracts. The 'Private Correspon-

'dence' contains some pleasing letters from Evelyn, two or three characteristic ones from Sir Isaac Newton, two from Lord Clarendon, and others from men of smaller note, but they are not of remarkable interest.

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Art. VIII. *Peak Scenery; or the Derbyshire Tourist*. By E. Rhodes. 8vo. pp. 379. Price 14s. London. 1824.

WE differ from Dr. Johnson. Of all the different modes of travelling, we most cordially dislike a seat in a post-chaise, since it is at once the most expensive, and the least favourable for the gratification of picturesque propensities. An artist must pedestrianize. His quest is not only after the lofty and extensive, but the beautiful and the minute. The hedge-row and the mountain-crest,—the expanse of the broad lake and the ripple of the summer stream,—the rush of mighty waters and the green margin of the standing pool,—the darkened chambers of the ruin, and the frowning masses of its towers and curtains—with a thousand other objects that set highways and cross roads at defiance,—furnish him with the richest materials of his art, and he can reach them only by the sacrifice of a large portion of those conveniences which, under common circumstances, are deemed indispensable. But, in a general way, we know of no mode of travelling so delightful and so advantageous as that afforded by a commodious lodgement on the roof of a stage-coach. It places one in the centre of an ever-shifting panorama; it raises the eye above the hedges which screen so much of the landscape from the lowlier traveller; and it gives form and combination to what would appear, if seen from level ground, scattered and insulated. How often, when tracing the road-side sinuosities of an untrimmed hedge, and wearying our eyes in peering for loopholes in the dense foliage, have we cast an anxious look backward, in hope that some friendly vehicle would overtake us, and give us aid and elevation!

The tourist before us is an artist, certainly, in eye and feeling; and he appears to have availed himself of all the different modes of conveyance as they might suit his purpose. He has traversed one of the most picturesque portions of England in the full exercise of a practised eye and an active mind; and the result lies before us in the form of a judicious and agreeable travelling companion for the Derbyshire tourist. The work was originally published in a more expensive shape, for the purpose of illustrating a series of sketches by Chantrey;

it now appears in a less imposing, but a more generally useful form.

It is exceedingly difficult to describe at once with accuracy and effect. It requires a simplicity, both theoretical and practical, both visual and mental, that does not occur quite so commonly as may be imagined. We have both heard and read descriptions in which it has been nearly impossible to recognize a single feature of distinct locality; and this failure has been the effect, neither of the absence of good faith nor of an exaggerating habit, but simply of the difficulty that lies in rendering lines and shadows into words. With much to admire in his general manner both of viewing and citing nature, we cannot think that the Author of the volume before us has been always successful in this respect. The use of general terms is extremely convenient as a refuge from the awkward necessity that perpetually presents itself, for describing specific objects in specific terms. To say of a particular set of lines and surfaces, that they are sublime, beautiful, or picturesque, is easy enough, but perfectly ineffectual for the purposes of definite description. One tourist tells us of that singular spot, Dovedale, that it is 'beauty in the lap of horror,' and congratulated himself, we suppose, on having said a very fine thing. Mr. Gilpin did worse, for he gave a view of the same place, with about as much accuracy of delineation as if he had called it Cotopaxi. The description given by Mr. Rhodes has much merit, and, with some small deficiency in discrimination, is liable to no censure on the score of inaccuracy. We should have been disposed to extract a page or two of very beautiful descriptive painting, but for the interest of the following details.

'Dove Dale was one of the favourite resorts of the enthusiastic and sensitive Rousseau during his residence in its immediate vicinity, and he is said to have planted many rare and curious seeds in this sequestered spot. At this time he lived chiefly at Wootton Hall, a retreat that was procured for him principally through the influence of the historian Hume. Rousseau lived in continual agitation and alarm. Plots and conspiracies, he supposed, were entered into and carried on against his personal safety and happiness, in every country on the continent of Europe, and he sought an asylum in England from the imagined persecutions of imaginary enemies. In April, 1766, when Rousseau had just settled in Derbyshire,—“Here,” says he, “I have arrived at last at an agreeable and sequestered asylum, “where I hope to breathe freely and at peace.” But here he did not long remain “at peace;” he soon found cause of quarrel with those who were endeavouring to serve him, and in the month of April following, he quitted his “agreeable and sequestered asylum,” and returned to the Continent, heaping reproaches on his best friends.



\* He was an unamiable, petulant, and angry man. The rent of the house in which he lived had been greatly reduced, to allure him into the country; his spirit revolted at this, and as soon as he heard of it he indignantly left the place. Whilst at Wooton Hall, he received a present of some bottles of choice foreign wine; this was a gift, and his pride would not permit him to taste it; he therefore left it in the house untouched, for the next comer. For some reason or other, or more probably for none, he had determined not to see Dr. Darwin. The Doctor, aware of his objections, placed himself on a terrace where Rousseau had to pass, and was examining a plant. "Rousseau," said he, "are you a botanist?" They entered into conversation, and were intimate at once; but Rousseau, on reflection, imagined that this meeting was the result of contrivance, and the intimacy proceeded no further. It was indeed impossible for any body to be on terms of friendship long with the eccentric and ill-humoured Jean Jacques Rousseau.'

The scenery of Matlock is praised, as is generally the case with this much overrated spot, beyond its merits. There are rock, water, and wood, but those rich materials are not blended to advantage, nor are the general outlines interesting. The finest thing in the dale is at its northern extremity, where the foliage that fringes the rock opposite to and beyond the Boat-house, has a richness and playfulness that we have seldom seen equalled. The most annoying circumstance about Matlock, is the rapacity that assails you at every step. Wherever it is possible to exclude the visiter for the purpose of levying a tax upon him, bolts and padlocks are in requisition. Happily, the objects thus exhibited, like the Swiss giantess in Bartholomew Fair, at 'sixpence a-piece,' are the least interesting parts of the dale. The Caverns and the 'Romantic Rocks' may be passed by without regret.

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Art. IX. *The History of Wales*, descriptive of the Government, Wars, Manners, Religion, Laws, Druids, Bards, Pedigrees, and Language of the Ancient Britons and Modern Welsh, and of the remaining Antiquities of the Principality. By John Jones, LL.D. and Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 350. Price 1l. London.

**T**HERE are several John Jones's, more than one Dr. John Jones, we believe, at this moment apparent in the literary hemisphere; the learned Author of this extraordinary production has done well therefore to designate himself as LL.D. and Barrister at Law. But this publication cannot fail to entitle him to be hereafter distinguished as Jones the Welsh historian. It were a pity that his identity should be involved in

any uncertainty, for, of all the Dr. Jones's who ever loved 'fire, salt, and good ale,' the Author is, we are willing to believe, the only one that could have produced this incomparable history. So original is the information it communicates, as well as the manner of communicating it,—so bold are some of the positions, and so singular, we had almost said exquisite, the whole cast of the volume, that, if not as a history of Wales, at least as a literary anomaly, the volume claims our attention.

As specimens of the information, we give the following extracts.

'The Christian Religion is said to have been introduced into Britain by Joseph of Arimathea; but this is a groundless tradition, for Arimathea is a transposition of Mariathea; and it was Joseph, the husband of the holy Mary, that went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus; and he was the only person entitled; for the bodies of criminals were given by the Romans to the nearest relatives of the sufferers.' p. 123.

'In different languages, for the twelve apostles consisted of Galileans, who spoke a kind of Asiatic Gallic; Roman publicans, who spoke Latin; Simon Zelotes, a Canaanite or Phœnician; and Judas Iscariot, *the only Jew of the twelve*, and whose oral language was the Syriac.' p. 124.

'From this grand magazine of erudition at Alexandria, the principles of Christianity were imported by the traders to Cassiterides; the ancient Britons embraced them; and Godebog, king of Britain, was called Coel, the Believer. This conclusion stands supported by an argument *per se*; for it is certain that Christianity, in its early ages, was distinguished into Asiatic and Alexandrine doctrines. The Asiatic was composed of the ceremonial, the ritual, and the marvellous, and formed a species of religious drama; the Alexandrine was the creed of mathematicians and logicians: it consisted in the worshiping of the Deity, and in practising the pure morality of the Christian code. The Druids, who were of a philosophic turn of mind, and worshippers of the sun, could never adopt the polytheism of the ancient Romans, but received with avidity the Alexandrine principles; and the Christian religion was established in Britain on liberal principles.' p. 125.

It cannot be necessary to state, that Dr. Jones, being of a philosophic turn of mind, and also of liberal principles, is an Alexandrine—a Druid. One more extract, however, from his 'history of Christianity,' will put this in a still clearer light.

'When the religion of Rome, which embraced the adoration of the gods of all nations, became Christian, and the objects of worship limited to Jesus Christ and the Apostles, as their god and semi-gods, the *carmen pontificale*, in which the people followed; and the

priest was said *præire* (hence prayer), to lead or go before, underwent an alteration, by introducing *Pater, Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus*, instead of the old words *Pater, Cælus, et Spiritus Orbis.*' p. 129.

From which we may gather that the books of the New Testament were originally written in Latin, and that the commission contained in the twenty-eighth chapter of Matthew, was interpolated, or altered, to correspond to the *carmen pontificale*!

Our Author's description of modern denominations is as original, discriminating, and correct, as his history of the ancient Asiatics and Alexandrines. The religion of the Welsh, he tells us, has 'distributed itself into the following denominations and principles.'

- *Unitarianism*—Deity, and Moral Duties.
- *Quakers*—Inspired Instruction, and Prudence.
- *Arians*—Deity, an Atoning Christ, and Gospel Morals.
- *Arminians*—Trinitarianism, Free Will, Love, and Holiness.
- *Calvinists*—Trinitarianism, Violent Conversion, Election, and Triumphant Hymns.

• *Established Church*—Trinitarianism, English Bishops, Welsh Hearers, Political Sermons.

• *Roman Catholics*—*Pater, Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus*; Joseph's Virgin, Manes of the Saints, Discipline, and the performing of miracles.

• The Catholics are not numerous in the principality: their priests are men of distinguished learning and piety, and eminent preachers: the members of their churches are all of them devout, moral, and loyal.

• The Established Church is, in all countries, essential to the dignity of government; the diffusion of civil duties; the preservation of the peace; and the promotion of happiness: but the national church should be founded on sound policy, and upon a minute consideration of the means, the manners, and the language of the community.

• The Welsh Church is a valuable and admirable establishment: but from the want of useful regulations, it is deficient in discipline, and deserted by the community.'

• The *Methodists*, consisting of Calvinists and Arminians, are a charitable, friendly, and highly deserving set of people: they have preserved the Welsh language, they are full of zeal and of good works: and had it not been for the almost heavenly industry of the Ministers of these denominations, Christianity would have been lost in Wales: as the established church is but little frequented, the service being performed only once in the week: the tenets of the Methodists, by a spirit of religious inquiry, become daily more liberal: enthusiasm gives way to the moral sense: and the Methodist preachers are making rapid advances towards a state of rational Christianity.

• The *Unitarians* are composed of the most intelligent and most learned of all denominations, who have discovered that contentions in religion are wicked before God, and detrimental to the happiness



of mankind: they look through nature up to nature's God: and they study the gospel as a code of precepts and of duties: this worshipping of the one true God is comfortable, it is grand, it is certain: for suppose an Unitarian to worship one God, and the Quinquarian to worship five Gods, and that the Quinquarian is right, still the Unitarian is not wrong; he is also right as far as his belief goes; he is only deficient in duty towards the four minor gods: but suppose the Unitarian to be right, what polytheism, what serious blasphemy does the Quinquarian run into by his mixt worshipping, and by his scrambling of oblations among his five Gods!

We are much afraid that 'the most intelligent and most 'learned of all denominations,' will prove to be, like the Welsh soil, 'subjected to ingratitude,' as regards their present encomiast,—that, in plain words, they will thank Dr. Jones but little for his laudation. The Methodists might have been more disposed to acknowledge the handsome terms in which he mentions them, had he not, in a subsequent part of the work, where he is speaking against 'preachers of mysticism,' (p. 264.) thrown out insinuations with regard to the consequences of certain religious meetings, which will be considered as alike false and indecent. But any animadversions on this or any other part of Dr. Jones's work, would doubtless be regarded by the learned Author as the 'trivial 'remarks' of 'officious pigmies,' unworthy of his attention. We shall, therefore, merely cite one passage more from this strange farrago, in which the learned LL.D. and Barrister at Law sums up his description of the Welsh character.

'The common exercises of the Welsh are running, leaping, swimming, wrestling, throwing the bar, dancing, hunting, fishing, and playing at fives against the church or tower: and they constitute the joy of youth, and the admiration of old age.

'The convivial amusements are singing and versification. In these favourite exercises the performers are of humble merit; the singing is mere roar and squeak; and the poetical effusions are nonsense, vested in the rags of language: and always slanderous, because the mind of the bard is not fertile in the production of topics.

'The Welsh character is the echo of natural feeling, and acts from instantaneous motives; it has more of fortitude and charity, virtues which emanate directly from the heart, than of prudence and temperance, which are the creatures of habit, and selections of the mind: its main object is to answer the purpose of human being, by self-preservation and purity of conduct; for the Welshman never commits suicide, nor does he ever fall a victim to deviations of affection; in hospitality he looks at the exigence of the moment, and makes no enquiry into the character of the person, whether he be a villain or a vagabond, an outlaw or a spendthrift; and, in the distribution of charity, he never throws his guinea into the printed list of subscriptions, but puts his mite privately into the hand of indigence.

'The fine arts are strangers to the principality; and the Welshman seldom professes the buskin, or the use of the mallet, the graver, or the chisel: but although deficient in taste, he excels in duties and in intellect: no part of the empire, of the like amount of population, has produced so many soldiers, sailors, professional men, and writers on every topic of literature and science. The battle of Maida was a Cambrian labour: the most distinguished officers at Waterloo, where all fought, and some fell, were the sons of Wales: the English navy has always more than a proportionate number of Welsh admirals and captains: the mitre, at all times, graces the head of a Cambrian: in medicine the names of the Ancient Britons are always on the rolls of the college of physicians: in jurisprudence Wales has always produced more than her proportion of talent: and in literature and science the list of worthies would run through the alphabet: but as the enumeration would be tedious, the adduction of one name will justify the assertion of more than proportionate talent, and that name is Abraham Rees.' p. 122.

Dr. Rees is no more: he deserves a better eulogy, and from a worthier pen. But, in the next edition of this history of Wales, we should certainly recommend that the name of Abraham Rees should be *dele'd*, and that, instead of it, should be inserted that of *John Jones*!

The price of this volume is *only* a sovereign.

Art. X. *A Narrative of some remarkable Incidents in the Life of Solomon Bayley, formerly a Slave, in the State of Delaware, North America. Written by Himself. 12mo. pp. 57. Price 1s. 6d. London. 1825.*

**I**N the controversy between the slave-dealers and the partisans of African liberation, though argument has been exhausted, facts are still continuing to accumulate in evidence of the wasting and demoralizing effect of the traffic in human life and liberty. There is no necessity for the employment of the ordinary weapons of intellectual and political warfare; rhetoric and syllogism may stand by, and the plain, naked narrative of misery and barbarity be left to make its thrilling appeal to the better feelings of men, without the aid of eloquence or influence. The disjointed, but most interesting and affecting contents of this little tract, exhibit the character and circumstances of a pious negro. He tells the tale of his hair-breadth escapes, his trials, and his deliverances, with a simplicity far more impressive than artifice and elaboration. Solomon Bayley was born a slave in the state of Delaware, made his escape with much difficulty, and afterwards purchased his freedom. His wife was slave to a member of the Methodist Society, to which Solomon also belonged, and the account of her release from slavery will afford a fair specimen of the negro's style and manner.



' She was born a slave, and continued a slave till she was about thirty-two years of age, and I about twenty-eight years old; and having paid for myself, and got a little money beforehand, I was provoked to purpose buying of her. Before this, she and her master had fallen out, and proposed to send her, and our first daughter, about three months old, away to the back countries; and how to do I did not know: to go with her I knew not where, or buy her at his price, brought me to a stand: and while I was perplexed, there came a messenger to me, who said her master had carried the negro buyer with him from court, in order to sell her to him; but when they were about to count out the money, his daughter broke out and cried in such a distressing manner, for my little daughter, that it caused him to recant at that time; but he made two more attempts, but was misput most providentially. At the same time, her master and I were both on one class-paper, which made it very trying to me, to keep up true love and unity between him and me, in the sight of God: this was a cause of wrestling in my mind; but that scripture abode with me, "He that loveth father or mother, wife or children, more than me, is not worthy of me;" then I saw it became me to hate the sin with all my heart, but still the sinner love: but I should have fainted, if I had not looked to Jesus, the author of my faith: but I would remark, that at the very moment I was about to give up, the Lord appeared for my help, to my great surprise. It pleased almighty goodness, to give my wife's mistress that power which cut Rahab and wounded the Dragon; and she spoke with such concern of mind and said, "Oh do let Solomon have her; I have been afraid to speak, but I want him to have her, he appears to want to have her;" and these words, with a few more I omit, were attended with such force to her master's mind, that he gave up with a whining tone, and said, "He may have her;" so I hired her, and took her away the same day. After the year was out I went to pay him his money for her hire, and it being on a meeting day, some friends there who saw me pay the money, said to me, "you had better buy your wife at once;" her master answered, "I want him to buy her;" then they insisted on knowing his price; he said, "a hundred dollars, and give in all the hire;" which was fifty dollars less than ever he had mentioned before: I then said I would undertake it: then they insisted we should have it in writing, and we had it so. Thus I entered purchase of my wife, one hundred and three dollars and a third, which is thirty one pounds Virginia money. When the articles were drawn, I desired the writer to put down what was paid, and what was due; and then went on working and paying, until I had paid all but forty dollars and fourpence.' pp. 25—27.

A well-written preface by Mr. Hurnard, a member of the Society of Friends, contains some further particulars of Bayley's life, and an attestation to the excellence of his character.

The details of the agonizing scene in which Bayley, after despairing of success, was enabled to purchase the freedom of his only son, who had been born in slavery, are of uncommon interest.



## ART. XI. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

The Rev. Alexander Low, A. M. of Clatt, Aberdeenshire, Correspondent Member of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, has in the press, *A History of Scotland, from the earliest Period down to the middle of the Ninth Century*; being the best Essay on the Ancient History of the Kingdom of the Gaelic Scots, the Extent of their Country, its Laws, Population, Poetry, and Learning, for which he gained the prize and most decided approbation of the Highland Society of London.

A volume of Sermons, by the Rev. Hugh M'Neill, A.M., Rector of Albury, will appear in the course of a few days.

In the press, *A Course of Nine Sermons*, intended to illustrate some of the leading truths contained in the Liturgy of the Church of England. By the Rev. F. Close, A.M. Curate of the Holy Trinity Church, Cheltenham.

In the press, Part IV., of *Sermons and Plans of Sermons*. By the late Rev. Joseph Benson.

In the press, *Memoirs, &c. of the late Rev. Stephen Morell of Norwich*. By

the Rev. Mr. Binney, of Newport. 1 vol. 12mo.

The Rev. J. T. Becher, M.A. Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of Southwell, has published, *Tables, shewing the Single and Monthly Contributions to be paid, the allowances to be granted, and the method of calculating at every period of Life: the value of the Assurances effected by Members of Friendly Societies, together with a System of Book-keeping, recommended for the use of such institutions.*

Early in July will be published, in one vol. fcap 8vo., *The Broken Heart, Legend of the Isles, with other Poems*. By Edmund Reade, Esq.

The eight volumes of the *British Anthology*, with Mr. Westall's designs, will be completed early this month.

*The Rising Village: a Poem*, by Oliv. Goldsmith, a descendant of the Author of the *Deserted Village*, is just ready.

Mr. Westall's designs for *Cowper's Poems*, are newly engraved; they are (with the Poems) nearly ready.

## ART. XII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

### BIOGRAPHY.

*Memoir of the late John Bowdler, Esq.* To which is added, some Account of the late Thomas Bowdler, Esq. Editor of the *Family Shakspeare*. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Aids to Reflection in the Formation of a Manly Character*, on the several grounds of Prudence, Morality, and Religion, illustrated by select Passages from our elder Divines, especially from Archbishop Leighton. By S. T. Coleridge. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

*Essays and Sketches of Character*. By the late Richard Ayton, Esq. With a Memoir of his Life, and a Portrait. post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

*Precept and Example, in the Instructive Letters of Eminent Men to their Younger Friends: with short Biographies of the Writers*. foolscap 8vo. 7s.

*The Journal of Llewellyn Penrose, a Seaman: the four volumes in one*. 12mo. 7s.

### POETRY.

*The Vision of Las Casas, and other Poems*. By Emily Taylor. fcap 8vo. 6s.

*Songs of a Stranger*. By Louisa Stuart Costello. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

*The Lost Spirit, a Poem*. By John Lawson, Author of *Orient Harping, &c.*

*The Poetical Works, the Correspondence, and other Prose Pieces of Anna Lætitia Barbauld*. With a Memoir. By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

*A Tale of Paraguay*. By Robert Southey, LL.D. &c. &c. 1 vol. 12mo. With plates from designs by Westall, and engraved by Charles Heath. 10s. 6d.

### TRAVELS.

*Narrative of a Journey into Khorasan: including some Account of the Countries to the north-east of Persia: with Remarks upon the National Character, Government, and Resources of that Kingdom*. By James B. Fraser, Author of *a Tour in the Himala Mountains, &c.* 1 vol. 4to. with a Map. 3l. 3s.